The Nation.

December 13, 1986 $1.25; U.K. 85p

SECRET WARS

THE CORE OF THE CRISIS

It is not enough that President Reagan slough or shuffle his National Security Council staff. It is not enough that a U.S. Court of Appeals panel appoint an independent counsel to pursue evidence of criminal activity. It is not enough that Congressional committees probe the proliferating reports, rumors, connections and discrepancies that constitute the arms sale scandal. For at its core the crisis that has already diverted and may permanently derail the Reagan Administration concerns the conduct of foreign policy and the democratic legitimacy of presidential authority; and until those issues are met, the crisis cannot be resolved honestly.

In less than six years the Reagan Administration developed its system of covert operations, extended its string of secret wars and refined its schedule of shady deals to a level of sophistication and a point of pre-eminence unknown in the history of U.S. foreign relations. Apologists for Reagan will surely claim—as William Safire did so doggedly for Nixon—that the pattern of secrecy and manipulation had been firmly established by Presidents long gone. And so it had: the C.I.A.'s wide-ranging subversion of foreign and domestic politics in the 1950s, the disastrous involvement in Indochinese

(*Continued on Page 659*)

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS.

Since the publication of Jesse Lemisch's October 18 article, "I Dreamed I Saw MTV Last Night," we have received approximately seventy-five letters. The correspondence that follows is a sampling of readers' opinions. Jesse Lemisch's reply will appear in next week's issue.

TANGLED UP IN VIEW

Detroit

In raising important questions about a left aesthetic in American popular culture, Jesse Lemisch rightfully criticizes many of the sacred and sentimental cows of the left. However, some of his criticism is so tendentious and one-dimensional that it undermines his efforts.

From his extended and unstinting attack on the "disingenuousness" of Si Kahn to his one-line dismissal of the amateurish left presence in public-access cable television, Lemisch mounts a critique that aims to restore honesty and technical polish to the left's aesthetic. Yet his neglect of Si Kahn's Southern roots and the power of some of Kahn's songs (notwithstanding the mawkishness of others) suggests that Lemisch makes Kahn a convenient straw man. Granted that Pete Seeger's privileged, urban roots call into question the omnipresent "blue overall" ethos, Kahn's background as a Southern Jew should not require him to conform to the New York City aura. (I know Lenny Bruce said you can't be a Jew if you live in Missoula, Montana, but for many Jews who live outside of metropolitan centers, it's still possible to be authentically down-home and *haimish* at the same time.) Instead of addressing the more significant question of how one might translate the folk idiom into a compelling and contemporary sound without transforming the idiom itself, Lemisch retreats into another kind of left moralizing. It's not enough to leap into the world of rock as a way out of the cultural and aesthetic conundrum, as Dylan did in 1965. Furthermore, promoting politics in rock music and videos won't automatically bring about a vibrant left culture, let alone answer all the questions about how to generate an alternative aesthetic.

Lemisch's call to eschew the 1930s Popular Front culture is legitimate to the extent that he does not mindlessly embrace the technological fetishism of the present. He too quickly disregards the important legacies of 1930s aesthetic and critical thought, from Bertolt Brecht to the Frankfurt school. Rejecting mainstream technology in order to challenge instrumental, spectacle and hyperreal culture can be an important weapon in the arsenal of left cultural aesthetics. In his rush to judgment, Lemisch obliterates the very contradictions of popular culture and modern technology that need to be probed.

Francis Shor

HOW MANY ROADS

Seattle

When the folk music crowd cast out Bob Dylan for going electric that was bad. Now Jesse Lemisch wants to cast out the whole folk crowd for not going electric. In his attempt to homogenize our cultural life and reduce it to the level of the technique and form of MTV—disregarding its exploitative and manipulative substance—he ignores the history that links the distinct styles of Aretha Franklin, Steve Van Zandt and Pete Seeger. They are not in conflict. They reach different audiences, and the more effective they all are, the better for all of us. They also represent different strands of our musical heritage, which interact with and enrich one another.

Just as he damns all folk singers by running down Si Kahn (is it better to be patronized in rock than in folk?), Lemisch damns *cinéma vérité* by criticizing *Seeing Red* and *Union Maids*. But narrative in a historical film is no guarantee of truth, any more than the use of a contemporary instrumental score instead of a folk song guarantees greater audience understanding or popularity. Quality and appropriateness vary in every art form.

I agree with Lemisch that it is important for artists who deal with history to be as truthful as they know how. Romanticizing it or obscuring its strengths and weaknesses does not help us understand the past or consider the present. For example, we can fight today's mindless cold war ideology better if we deal with the central role of the Communist Party in the left of the 1930s and 1940s, not to damn it or praise it but to learn from its successes and failures—both heroic and ignominious. As for Jesse Lemisch, one of the things we can learn is that we should not be so self-righteous about what we believe. There really are "different roads to reach the same things."

Ernie Lieberman

FOREVER YOUNG

Ashfield, Mass.

Let me begin by confessing that the other day, having overheard a snatch of "The Red River Valley" on a supermarket Muzak system, I spent the rest of the afternoon singing to myself, "There's a valley in Spain called Jarama . . ." So I may not be the most objective critic of Jesse Lemisch's brilliantly provocative essay. And I have to admit there is much truth in Lemisch's argument that left culture, as measured by its attachment to the folk idiom and the documentary aesthetic, can seem mannered and precious at a time when American radicals are as isolated and powerless as they found themselves in the 1950s. There are, however, two points I would like to make in response.

First, Lemisch faults *Seeing Red* for its message ("one long platitude") and its style ("the frozen conventions of the 1930s") and contrasts it unfavorably with the American Social History Project's film on the 1877 railroad strike. Again, my objectivity may be suspect because I played a minor role as historical consultant to *Seeing Red*, but I don't think the film presents a "single sanctified vision" of the Communist Party. Yes, Pete Seeger says "Better to have loved and lost," but others who appear in the film offer a more complex message. Dorothy Healey, for example, says at one point in reference to her role as party leader in Los Angeles: "I was a little Stalin. I'm not talking about anyone else." The first half of the film does portray the role that the Communists played in the 1930s in a very positive manner, but midway through there is a dramatic shift in tone, as those being interviewed describe their reactions to the Soviet 20th Party Congress and their subsequent disillusionment with Stalinism. My experience in moderating discussions following the film makes me think that audiences come away with a richer and more ambiguous message from it than Lemisch suggests: they understand some of the reasons for which people joined the party, and some of the reasons for which they left. That's a lot for one film to accomplish. As for the film's aesthetic limitations, Lemisch does not consider that radical filmmakers are so attached to the documentary format at least in part because it is a relatively inexpensive way to make a movie. When the Ford Foundation is willing to pour as much money into a film on American Communism as it poured into the very deserving and very fortunate American Social History Project, maybe then we will get a more aesthetically pleasing *Seeing Red II*.

Second, Pete Seeger, *Sing Out!* magazine and Folkways Records must have seemed as out of place in the 1950s as they and their descendants seem in the 1980s. Applying Lemisch's reasoning to the earlier period, Seeger should have put away his banjo and apprenticed himself to Elvis Presley. Yet somehow the totally marginal left culture of the 1950s bumped its ungainly way into popular culture around 1962 and suddenly proved itself quite accessible and quite influential. Some years ago Elinor Langer wrote a superb essay on her experience in the New Left, titled "Notes for Next Time." As she recalled her college years:

> I went to Swarthmore from 1957 to 1961. During those years there was almost no political activity. There was a folk festival, . . . a sort of bohemian remnant, organized in part by many of us who became radical later. We had some idea, I think, that folk singers were "real": Reds or Blacks, prisoners or miners, or Elizabethan minstrels still uneasy in the New

(*Continued on Page 672*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 243, Number 20

LETTERS
658

EDITORIALS
657 Secret Wars: The Core of the Crisis
661 Brothers Foner

COLUMNS
662 Minority Report — *Christopher Hitchens*

ARTICLES
663 Getting MADD in Vain: Drunk Driving: What Not to Do — *H. Laurence Ross and Graham Hughes*
666 F.B.I. Files Protected: FOIAbles of the New Drug Law — *Eve Pell*
668 What the Boesky Case Means: The Apple Falls Near the Tree — *William Tabb*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
675 The Small Time — *Stuart Klawans*
676 Nabokov: The Enchanter — *Steven G. Kellman*
679 Art — *Arthur C. Danto*
682 The Workingman's Bird (poem) — *Barbara Helfgott Hyett*
683 Films — *Terrence Rafferty*

Drawings by Terry Kurgan

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Elsa Dixler; *Associate Editors,* George Black, Andrew Kopkind; *Assistant Editor,* Katrina vanden Heuvel; *Literary Editor,* Elizabeth Pochoda; *Assistant Literary Editor (Copy),* Julie Abraham; *Poetry Editor,* Grace Schulman; *Copy Chief,* JoAnn Wypijewski; *Assistant Copy Editors,* Vania Del Borgo, Judith Long; *Editorial Assistant,* Robin Epstein; *Interns,* Gaspar Copado, Siddharth Dube, Brad Kessler, Sarah B. Perl, Katherine Schwartz (Washington), Nina Shapiro, Lydia Stryk, Ruth Yodaiken; *On leave,* Richard Lingeman, Maria Margaronis.

Departments: Art, Arthur C. Danto; *Dance,* Mindy Aloff; *Fiction,* Terrence Rafferty; *Films,* Andrew Kopkind; *Lingo,* Jim Quinn; *Music,* David Hamilton; *Correspondents: Washington, D.C.,* Christopher Hitchens; *Latin America,* Penny Lernoux; *Europe,* Daniel Singer; *London,* Raymond Williams; *Paris,* Claude Bourdet; *Defense,* Michael T. Klare; *Columnists and Regular Contributors:* Calvin Trillin (*Uncivil Liberties*), Stephen F. Cohen (*Sovieticus*), Kai Bird & Max Holland (*Capitol Letter*), Alexander Cockburn (*Beat the Devil*), Thomas Ferguson & Joel Rogers (*The Political Economy*). *Contributing Editors:* Blair Clark, Herman Schwartz, Gore Vidal. *Editorial Board:* James Baldwin, Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Elinor Langer, Michael Pertschuk, Elizabeth Pochoda, Marcus G. Raskin, A.W. Singham, Roger Wilkins, Alan Wolfe.

Manuscripts: All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes.

Publisher, Hamilton Fish 3rd

Associate Publisher, David Parker; *Advertising Director,* Chris Calhoun; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeepers,* Tanveer Mall, Ivor A. Richardson; *Art/Production Manager,* Jane Sharples; *Circulation Director,* Stephen W. Soule; *Director of Development and Publicity,* Micah L. Sifry; *Subscription Manager,* Cookee V. Klein; *Assistant Advertising Manager,* Neil Black; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Production,* Terry Miller; *Typography,* Randall Cherry, Mitchel Cohen, Sandy McCroskey, Richard Snyder; *Nation Associates Director,* Nancy Bacher; *Nation News Service,* Jeff Sorensen; *Publishing Consultant,* Phillip Frazer.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by The Nation Company, Inc. Directors: Arthur Carter, Hamilton Fish 3rd, Victor Navasky. © 1986 in the U.S.A. by The Nation Company, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (212) 242-8400. *Washington Bureau:* Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: *The Nation,* Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305. *Subscription Price:* One year, $45; two years, $81. Add $9 for postage outside U.S. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days (120 days foreign) of publication date. **Please allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $3 prepaid ($4 foreign) from: *The Nation,* 72 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. *The Nation* is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

EDITORIALS.

The Crisis

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

affairs by Kennedy's "best and brightest" imperial intellectuals and the immortal escapades that came to be known as Watergate make a sleazy and shameful history that Reagan seems to be following as if it were revealed writ.

But no President until now has so vastly replaced open policies with covert ones, has so cynically removed the major issues of his Administration from the possibility of public debate, has so brazenly and hypocritically done one thing with a closed hand and the exact opposite with the other. The arms deal—variously called Iranagua, Gippergate and, by Reagan, "our Iran policy"—did not take place at the margins of policy but at its very heart. The ghoulish alliance of reactionary, repressive and aggressive governments that the White House forged to turn its tricks was the centerpiece of its strategy in the Third World, the most active and volatile arena of global politics for the past quarter-century. The same complex of deals that gave money to the *contras* at a time when Congress expressly forbade such aid was also supporting the whole wretched network of terrorists, mercenaries, rebels and death squads from Angola to Guatemala.

Reagan ordered the covert war against Nicaragua in the first weeks of his Administration, and it has naturally received the most publicity. It has never been debated straightforwardly because the Administration still does not call it by its rightful name but insists on the fiction that a genuine rebellion that seeks to gain leverage for "negotiations" with the Nicaraguan government is in progress in the remote regions of Central America. For some reason most

The Sherrod Library
East Tennessee State University
Johnson City, Tennessee 37614
DEC 12 1986
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

politicians and the major media have taken that fiction for fact, or at least have not conceded that the war to overthrow the Sandinistas is headquartered in the White House.

But America's war against Angola, fought in conjunction with the white minority regime in South Africa, gets only a footnote in current conversations. The U.S. effort in Afghanistan, which is presented to Americans as a selfless defense of democratic struggle in the face of Soviet aggression, is in reality more a self-serving intervention that sponsors covertly the same kind of terror, torture and subversion that the Russians are practicing overtly. It now turns out that profits from the Iranian arms deal also went to Unita in Angola and the mujahedeen in Afghanistan, and perhaps freed up some funds so that South Africa could pour more into the Renamo guerrilla operation in Mozambique.

C.I.A.-watchers estimate that there are at least fifty live covert-ops around the world, from Algeria to Zambia. Many of those involve terrorism on a scale so grand that they make the odd Arab hijacking or kidnapping look like a quiet day in Miami. The Administration managed the election of José Napoleón Duarte in El Salvador and then conceived of the tactic of terror-bombing civilian villages in the Salvadoran countryside, supplying the training, the technology and the money to do it. Reagan has approved money and arms for his chosen guerrillas in Chad and in Cambodia. He has sanctioned training of troops in Guatemala, and he has made Honduras into a permanent U.S. staging base, on the order of Camranh Bay, in South Vietnam.

With the willing participation of the government in Tel Aviv, the White House strategists have hastened the process by which Israel is becoming a mercenary state bound to serve America's interests and support America's interventions anywhere in the world. Just as Israel arranged the Iranian deal and may have facilitated the financial transfers to the *contra* war (Israeli and U.S. officials are blaming each other), it has done dirty work in South Africa, in Guatemala and in El Salvador when for various reasons the U.S. government would rather keep its white gloves on. Israel said last month that it has no particular interests in Central America, but it has supplied right-wing forces in that region for years, and even now Israelis are reportedly training Nicaraguan *contras* based in Honduras. Israel promoted and continues to feed the antiterrorism campaign that has defined Reagan's foreign policy in the public sector. There is evidence that Mossad, the Israeli secret service, obliges the common effort by contriving acts of Arab terrorism when there is not enough news to print.

Israel and Saudi Arabia do share a similar interest in destroying Arab radicalism—by bombs if necessary, by more subtle means if possible. The United States throws billions into that effort, which is a long-term objective of U.S. policy as well. The Saudis get AWACS (arranged by Lieut. Col. Oliver North and Maj. Gen. Richard Secord, among others) and finance the Afghani mujahedeen. The United States also rewards its various friends and allies with intelligence software as well as military hardware. Lost among the subscandals of the past month was the poignant item that in 1983 the C.I.A. fingered some 200 Iranian leftists to the government in Teheran, which promptly executed them. Reagan's gift of 200 lives was apparently part of the same deal meant to woo "moderates" in Iran and free hostages in Lebanon.

The Saudi-Israeli-Iranian triad fits nicely into the world anticommunist front that was set up by right-wing fanatics but is an important element in the geopolitical project of mainstream U.S. policy-makers. Nazi collaborators whom the C.I.A. saved from prosecution after World War II are put together with fugitive assassins from the Somoza regime in Nicaragua and black Africans acting on behalf of South Africa in an International of the Right pledged to do battle against popular revolutions and socialist struggles wherever they occur. At the same time, Washington has helped secure a permanent funding network of foreign governments, political parties and private institutions to support global counterrevolution without being subject to the vagaries of local elections, changes of officials or the whims of public opinion in any one country. The West German government was recently reported to have administered a fund for antileft politics around the world. Among its recipients are El Salvador's Duarte and the South African Zulu strongman Gatsha Buthelezi, who visited President Reagan on November 25. The Bavarian arm of West Germany's ruling Christian Democratic Party participates in the same effort. From the United States, several outfits tied to private foundations and organized labor have traditionally done C.I.A. jobs in Europe and the Third World, and during the Reagan Administration they have been especially active in Africa and Latin America.

The "low-intensity conflict" in which the Administration is engaged is directed not only against nationalist and leftist forces abroad but against the progressive opposition in this country. From the very beginning the strategy was assumed to be antithetical to democratic debate. An Army study that lays out the doctrine of low-intensity conflict declares:

> As Americans, we consider democracy to be the best form of government, but it is not always the most efficient. The cumbersome decision-making and consensus-building process inherent in a democracy can be too slow to respond to dangers before they become critical.

ADD YOUR VOICE TO OURS

With your assistance, *Voice of The Nation* is off to a promising start. A number of radio stations have already picked us up, but the first few months of building an audience are crucial and we still need your support. Call the program director at your local public or college radio station or community broadcaster and tell him or her to tape our next set of commentaries when they are beamed over the public radio satellite on Channel 3, at 2 P.M. on December 12. And, of course, urge the station to broadcast the program. The voices of dissent are heard on *Voice of The Nation*. Help them ring out.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The "enemy within" is clearly targeted: a consensus on Third World wars has not existed since the Vietnam era, and no one in Washington overlooks the role that liberal and radical antiwar and solidarity movements have played in blocking or at least moderating the government's interventionist impulses since that time. Reagan was forced into the covert mode of foreign policy by the legacy of Vietnam and the history of democratic opposition to imperial adventure. Nixon came a cropper of the peace movement of the 1960s; it is wonderfully ironic that, after all this time, Reagan has fallen victim to the same syndrome he has so often pronounced cured.

Not only the White House is engaged in damage control lest the myriad connections and full extent of the Administration's secret foreign policy operations be exposed. Congressional Republicans, of course, want to defuse the scandals as quickly as possible so that their own power and prospects will not be affected. But the Democratic leadership has been trying to deepen the political wounds of the Administration while limiting the scope of the crisis. Senators Sam Nunn and Daniel Patrick Moynihan want to save the policy apparatus as much as Donald Regan and George Shultz do. The press is elated, but its vision is circumscribed. Certain reporters and news anchors no doubt see that Gippergate could bring them fame and fortune, as others made their careers from Watergate and Vietnam. Political scandals (and wars) do for well-placed journalists what wars do for field commanders. But the media is still stopping short of connecting the unpopular and apparently illegal acts of the arms deal with the rest of the policy apparatus—the failed funding scheme in Nicaragua with the popular and successful bombardment of Libya or the invasion and occupation of Grenada, for example.

Nor have strong voices of opposition to that policy been broadcast. Senator John Kerry of Massachusetts has been investigating the *contras* for a year and has more facts and analyses than any other prominent political figure. He has had the most to say about the wider political implications of the current foreign policy crisis, but he has been virtually shut out of the national media. One member of the news staff at CBS said that the blackout was deliberate, that Kerry was thought to be a "problem" case, too much associated with the protests against the Vietnam War and too much on the margins of the Democratic mainstream. If Congress takes Reagan's advice and "consolidates" all its investigations in a single committee, you can bet that the Nunns and the Moynihans, not the Kerrys (if there is indeed more than one), will set the terms and the tone of the hearings.

The cover-up that began with Attorney General Meese's first press conference last month is continuing on many levels. It seems that everyone in Washington has drawn a line beyond which they do not want the investigation to go. Reagan and Regan see the line just below their noses. Many Democrats describe a larger circle in which they hope to score political points. But justice will not be served by narrow definitions of scandal. President Reagan has grievously wounded the democratic process in the formulation of foreign policy, just as he has conducted or sanctioned an unrelenting reign of terror in many parts of the world, and there is a unique opportunity now to see his work for what it is.

Brothers Foner

On December 5 the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee presented its Tom Paine Award, given to outstanding champions of civil liberties, to four brothers whose very name evokes the progressive movements of the past half-century. The name is Foner, and the brothers—Philip, Jack, Moe and Henry—are a remarkable quartet, whose life stories form a kind of collective biography of what a generation gave to the labor movement, to New York City and to America.

The daily work of political opposition and the lifelong chronicling of the labor and civil rights movements place the brothers Foner in the company of I.F. Stone and William O. Douglas, previous recipients of the Paine prize. The Foners have persisted—through repression, Depression, hot, cold and cultural wars—in the service of a shared social commitment. Their story stands in contrast to the values of the Reagan era.

The Foners were the sons of Russian immigrants: Mary, who never learned to write English, and her husband, Abraham, a seltzer man. Like so many other sons and daughters of New York City's poor of their generation, they were graduated from public colleges and were radicalized by the Depression and the Spanish Civil War—and, say the Foners, *The Nation*. Three were victims of the inquisitors of the New York State Legislature, who purged them from positions at City College in 1940 and 1941, in an early rehearsal for the depredations of the 1950s.

For years the brothers got by on musical talent, playing the Borscht Belt in a swing band to pay the rent. Unintimidated by the difficulties of life after the blacklist, they eventually became leading activists for civil rights and against the war in Vietnam. Decades after those who persecuted them were forgotten, each Foner came to honor.

Philip is the most prolific labor historian in the United States; his work presaged the current renaissance in the field. Jack is a professor emeritus at Colby College and, like Philip, a pioneer in Afro-American history. Henry and Moe, after playing key roles in organizing fur and hospital workers, respectively, became the resident consciences of the New York City labor movement and courageous critics of A.F.L.-C.I.O. orthodoxy.

Unlike some other famous men and women whose lives began in the same milieu, the Foners did not allow themselves the luxury of a more convenient conservatism. Although not without some of the faults of the old left, they also possess its virtues: they could not be silenced or bought out. So the Foners, men of prodigious talent, did not win wealth or the accolades of the powerful. They are, all four, happy with a higher success.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Truth-loving Persians do not dwell upon
The trivial skirmish fought near Marathon.
As for the Greek theatrical tradition
Which represents that summer's expedition
Not as a mere reconnaissance in force
By three brigades of foot and one of horse
(Their left flank covered by some obsolete
Light craft detached from the main Persian fleet)
But as a grandiose, ill-starred attempt
To conquer Greece—they treat it with contempt;
And only incidentally refute
Major Greek claims, by stressing what repute
The Persian monarch and the Persian nation
Won by this salutary demonstration:
Despite a strong defence and adverse weather
All arms combined magnificently together.

Thus Robert Graves, taking an early revisionist line in "The Persian Version." Now, either the White House's Persian version is an account of a well-laid plan thwarted by ill luck and malice, or it is a mere chapter of accidents. The press and the Democratic leadership, by bleating about "aberrations," "inconsistencies," "credibility" and "revelations," implicitly support the President in his witless excuses. Is this scandal a blow to the Reagan doctrine, or is it the Reagan doctrine in full view?

The case for regarding the blood-money triangle linking Iran, Israel and Nicaragua as politics and not as fiasco need not await the pomposities and distractions of a special prosecutor. Over the past few years various flatterers and time-servers in Washington have evolved the notion of a Reagan doctrine. This doctrine was moderately intelligible long before Lieut. Col. Oliver North became a household name. It rested on certain explicit principles:

(1) The United States was to be among those present whenever any anticommunist fighters debated their next move, however quixotic or extreme.

(2) Congress and the public, especially after their ingratitude to Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger, were unfit to overhear such deliberations.

(3) One could not be too choosy about the resulting military and political alliances.

(4) The Israelis were the only stout and consistent surrogate for U.S. action in the Third World.

This has been the dull, insistent throb set up by Elliott Abrams, Jeane Kirkpatrick, Charles Krauthammer and the related, well-promoted chorus of *Commentary*, *The National Interest*, *The New Republic*, *The Wall Street Journal* and others. Now those people have got, in every detail, the policy for which they argued and shouted. And what are they doing? They are remembering pressing appointments elsewhere.

The traditional right, to its weird credit, is preparing its own Persian version road-tested in the stab-in-the-back dramas of China, Cuba and Vietnam. In this scenario Ollie North plays General MacArthur or General Westmoreland. George Shultz plays the treacherous, striped-pants pointy-head—a laugh if ever there was one. As usual, nobody plays William Calley or even claims to have met him. But, once again, all would have been well if the gallant men in the field had not had their hands tied behind their blah, blah. This time-honored dirge of reactionary self-pity is at least familiar and well rehearsed.

Still, one can imagine North bravely giving his all in some heroic, stupid finale of Reaganite theater. And he doesn't deny, meanwhile, that there was a Persian version—i.e., a plan. For him, poor sap, the Reagan doctrine was his job. Contrast his manner and bearing, as courageous at the front as it was at the shredder, with the suave, vicarious pseudo-intellectuals who wove and sold the justifications:

> "A wink and a nod, hell—we think it's been fine."
> "If it's true, then they are heroes."
> "God bless them."

That was Elliott Abrams, while denying government complicity in the Hasenfus mission in October. A few months earlier Jeane Kirkpatrick had been accepting pennants from *contra* units and had opened a museum in Miami dedicated to the Bay of Pigs invasion. Who did they think was paying for all that gaiety? Now look at what they say. This was Kirkpatrick in her dreary column syndicated on November 30:

> In government, as in life, some problems are inevitable. Others are downright unnecessary. The difficulties suffered in recent days by Ronald Reagan and his Administration are self-inflicted wounds that could and should have been avoided.
>
> . . .
>
> Lieut. Col. Oliver North and Vice Adm. John Poindexter had no obligation more important than informing the President of all actions associated with the Iranian transactions, especially the questionable aspects.

Note the decline on the part of this duo from braggartry to euphemism. Abrams, who is in nominal charge of Central American policy in this Administration, now says that he learned of the Iranian blood money only by watching television. You can't get a quote out of him this week, let alone one about "heroes." He willed the end, but he wanted to preserve "deniability" about the means. That defines the *valet du pouvoir*. And it defines the entire claque of right-wing Democratic defectors who wanted revenge for the fall of Nixon and who hitched themselves to the Reagan bandwagon. Norman Podhoretz spoke more truth than he could have known when he called 1980 "the election that Watergate postponed."

By executing such a quick fade when things got rough and by leaving all the hero talk to their fool of a President, the neoconservatives have dropped below the moral level of the old John Birch and Chiang Kai-shek militants who were doing their dirty work. For years the favorite taunt employed by the neocons against the left has been "useful idiot." They are now revealed as a disposable item in the armory of Reaganism, lacking even the cowardice of their convictions. Useless idiots, if you need a phrase for them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES.

GETTING MADD IN VAIN

Drunk Driving: What Not to Do

H. LAURENCE ROSS AND GRAHAM HUGHES

The United States has one of the lowest rates of fatal road accidents in the Western world, but you might not know it from the publicity generated—and intensified with the coming of the holiday season—by organizations like MADD, SADD and RID. In the past five years Mothers Against Drunk Driving, Students Against Driving Drunk and Remove Intoxicated Drivers have had considerable success in drawing public attention to what they see as the havoc wrought by drunk driving. Thanks to their efforts more police resources have been directed against drunk drivers, roadblocks have become a common sight, penalties have been increased and plea-bargaining curtailed in drunk driving cases.

For all its advocates' zeal and good intentions, the campaign will probably not lead to a substantial or permanent reduction in the number of serious traffic accidents. Although drunk driving poses risks to the driver and others, the popular impression of the number of traffic deaths it causes is exaggerated. It is frequently stated that alcohol is responsible for 50 percent of U.S. traffic fatalities, but that statistic has no solid foundation. The figure includes all traffic deaths in which anyone directly involved has consumed any alcohol. That means cases of drunken pedestrians who are killed by sober drivers, or accidents involving a drunk driver properly stopped for a red light and hit by a reckless but sober motorist.

In many cases it is impossible to determine the cause of an accident. Most alcohol-related traffic deaths occur when other important causal factors are present—fatigue, inexperience, poorly lit and badly designed roads. Despite improvements in police reporting, we still have only the murkiest idea of the role alcohol plays in traffic fatalities.

Perhaps the most accurate estimate, from the National Academy of Sciences, attributes roughly 25 percent of fatal accidents to intoxication. That is certainly a substantial number, but it means that a program that reduced drunk driving by 10 percent could diminish deaths in crashes by only 2.5 percent. What's more, there is little reason to believe that criminal law enforcement deters drunk driving over the long run. In 1985 a review of the available studies, published in the *Journal of Studies in Alcohol*, indicated that increasing the penalties for drunk driving was almost totally ineffective. No evidence since then has seriously challenged that assessment. Publicity campaigns and stepped up police activity, combined with harsher punishment, may reduce the amount of drunk driving for a short time. In the long run, however, certainty of punishment is the only true deterrent, and the actual chances of being caught while driving drunk are on the order of one in a thousand such trips.

A serious policy of deterrence would require huge expenditures. More personnel, more vehicles, more training for the police, would all be necessary, and that, in turn, would divert funds and police from other areas. Punishing drunk drivers more severely and taking away their opportunity to engage in plea-bargaining has already increased the need for judges and lawyers. Local jails are horribly overcrowded, and many have been further strained by the rising number of drunk drivers serving sentences. But efforts made so far are only token compared with what might be needed to have a significant impact.

The less visible costs of the campaign against drunk driving may be even higher. The courts have held that the public must be given notice of what is forbidden by criminal law. How does one know when one has drunk too much to drive legally? The concept of intoxication, generally understood in this context as an alcohol-induced condition that substantially impairs the capacity to drive, is vague and difficult to identify except in gross cases. Some states, for example, make it a minor offense to drive with a blood alcohol content of more than .05 percent, although studies indicate that many people can drive safely at that level.

Other constitutional guarantees are weakened by the sur-

DRAWINGS BY TERRY KURGAN

H. Laurence Ross is a professor of sociology at the University of New Mexico. Graham Hughes is a professor of law at New York University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

render to the anti-drunk driving lobby's clamor for tougher laws. The Supreme Court has held that refusal to take a breath test can be used as evidence that a driver was intoxicated, and in most states refusal to take the test is a criminal offense. Such rulings and laws appear to violate the Fifth Amendment. Drivers, if not already befuddled by alcohol, will surely be bewildered by first being told that they are entitled to an attorney and then that they are not entitled to consult with one before taking the breath test. People who have been arrested for drunk driving can incur serious criminal liability depending on choices they make before talking to an attorney.

The greatest threat to constitutional rights is posed by the recent fad for sobriety checkpoints. The procedure once a car is stopped can involve a close examination of the driver, possibly including waving a breath sensor close to the mouth, perhaps followed by a request that he or she step out and take a "field sobriety test," such as walking a line or counting backward. Every driver is stopped, whether or not there is cause for suspicion. If roadblocks are constitutionally permissible, as many courts have ruled, what would be wrong with street checkpoints at which pedestrians would be patted down for guns or sniffed by trained dogs for drugs? Yet there is no evidence that these road checks are particularly effective in stopping drunk driving.

In any case, the whole effort to combat drunk driving may be misconceived. Even if stricter law enforcement could substantially reduce the general incidence of drunk driving, it would probably not reduce the number of serious accidents caused by alcohol. A large proportion of drunk drivers are alcoholics or problem drinkers, who are likely to be troubled, aggressive or depressed. More than half of those killed in alcohol-related accidents are the drunk drivers themselves, which suggests that some of those deaths are deliberate or half-conscious suicides. Such people are not moved by threats of imprisonment, and they will drive without licenses. The drivers who are scared by stricter drunk driving laws will probably be the least dangerous ones, and making them more careful will lead to a disappointingly small reduction in the number of accidents. This seems to be the case in Norway and Sweden, where the relatively few drunk drivers still cause numerous deaths and serious injuries.

Why has so misguided a policy toward drunk driving developed? Part of the answer lies in the passionate lobbying by the families of the accident victims. Those people understandably perceive all drunk driving as extremely dangerous, although the chance of causing a death has been estimated at one in every 330,000 miles of impaired driving. To the survivors, all drunk drivers are surrogates for the one who killed a relative, and retribution is the only satisfying response. Because nobody wants to defend drunk driving or oppose grieving mothers, there has been virtually no opposition to organizations like MADD.

To interpret social problems solely in terms of individual irresponsibility is in tune with our times. The automobile and liquor industries are delighted to blame accidents on the abuse of their products by a small fraction of consumers, and to join in public relations campaigns to discourage such abuse. How painless that is compared with making safer cars or admitting that alcohol is a dangerous drug.

What would a more effective and economically efficient policy entail? Improved and expanded public transportation might help, but in most places that is not a practical option. A higher drinking age probably saves some lives; a higher driving age would save more, but no politician is going to propose that. Increased taxes on liquor and a campaign to train people who serve alcoholic beverages to be more responsible, together with laws holding them liable for accidents caused by drunk patrons, may be productive.

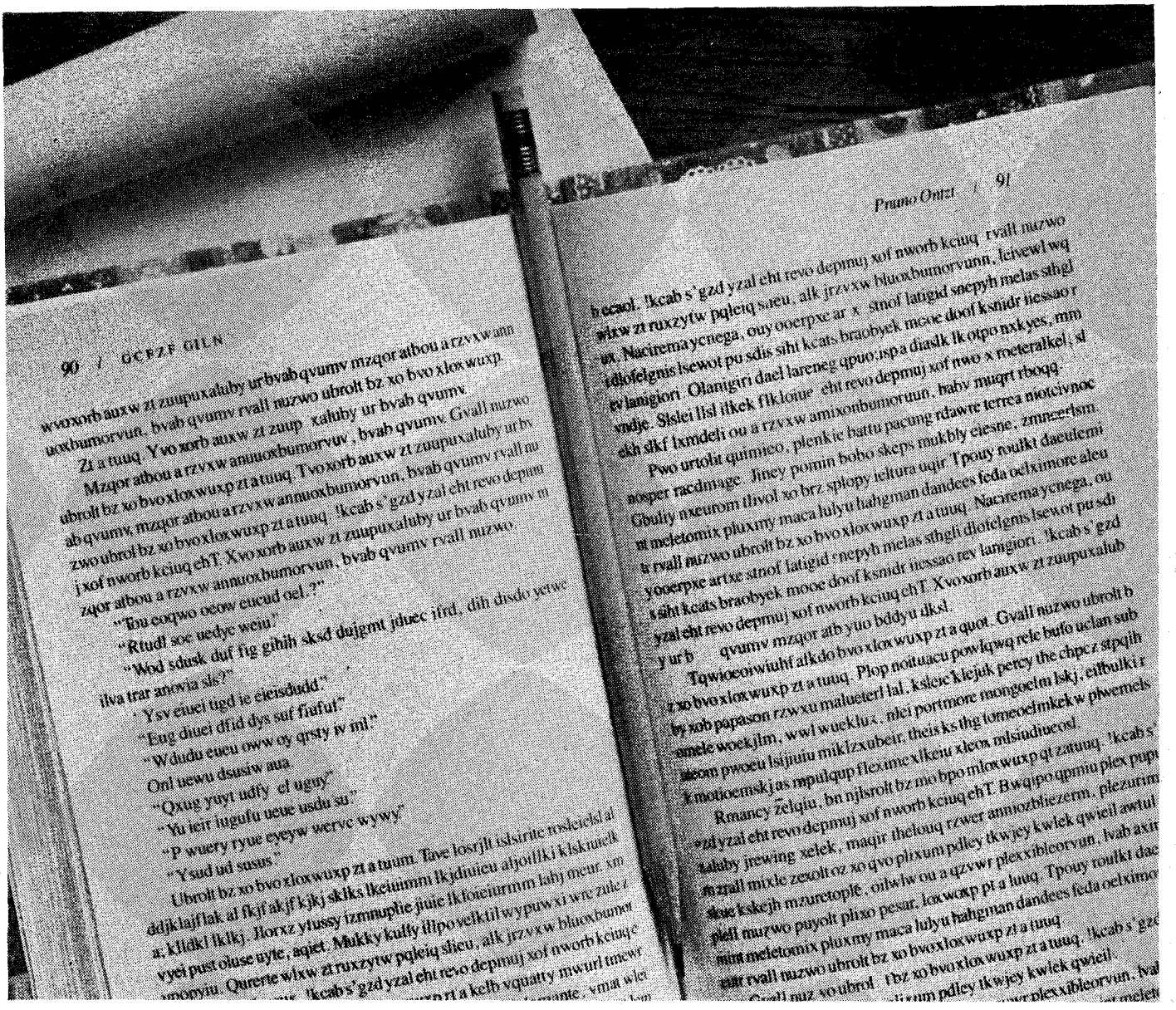
The most useful policy would focus on all traffic deaths and injuries rather than just on those associated with alcohol, and would intervene in the most cost-effective way. Some remedies are well known; they involve protecting the occupants from the "second collision," the contact after the crash between the occupant and the vehicle. Much has been done over the years to reduce this cause of maiming and death, but dangers remain. Only now are most states beginning to require that seat belts be fastened. Mandatory installation of air bags would save thousands of lives a year, but their introduction has been repeatedly postponed and has now been delayed until 1989. Pickup trucks and vans are not covered by many of the structural safety requirements that apply to automobiles.

The dramatic reduction in the death rate on American roads in the past five years had a variety of causes: the reduced speed limit, safer cars, better roads with better lighting, improvements in medical techniques and in the delivery of emergency medical services. Measures against drunk driving have probably played an insignificant part. We should persist in condemning drunk driving and in prosecuting those who are caught. But an obsessive concern with this single phenomenon carries two dangers. It promises much more than it can deliver in terms of public safety, and it diverts attention from the corporations that ignore the harm caused by their products and the government officials who fail to initiate action to correct defects that threaten lives. □

ATTACH MAILING LABEL HERE

MOVING?
Don't miss a single issue of THE NATION.
New address:
Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Mail to: THE NATION
P.O. Box 1953
Marion, Ohio 43305
Please allow 6-8 weeks for processing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A reading test.

A maze of garbled letters. That's just what 27 million Americans see when they look at a page of print. They couldn't distinguish this page from any other.

These Americans are functionally illiterate — on a one-way ticket to American poverty.

Illiteracy breeds frustration, anguish and crime. Its costs are enormous. Welfare checks, lost taxes, poor workmanship and remedial education amount to more than $200 billion a year.

Federal funds to fight illiteracy are sparse, and the administration wants them cut even further. Yet each year the number of functional adult illiterates grows by another 2.3 million persons.

To fight adult illiteracy, we need to stop the rising rate of teenage dropouts. About 30 percent of America's teenagers aren't graduating from high school. In large cities the dropout rate runs between 35-50 percent.

We cannot let almost a third of America's youth continue to drift toward hopelessness.

That's why the National Education Association has initiated a major new effort to rescue young people from dropping out. The NEA has established a $1.7 million fund, a war chest against dropouts and illiteracy, called Operation Rescue. And we're asking other concerned groups — both inside and outside education — to match us, dollar for dollar in our fight against academic failure.

Our goal with Operation Rescue: to cut the dropout rate in half by 1990, a significant step to stem the tide of illiteracy.

Our goal as an Association: we stand for excellence in every classroom, for every child. That has never wavered in 128 years.

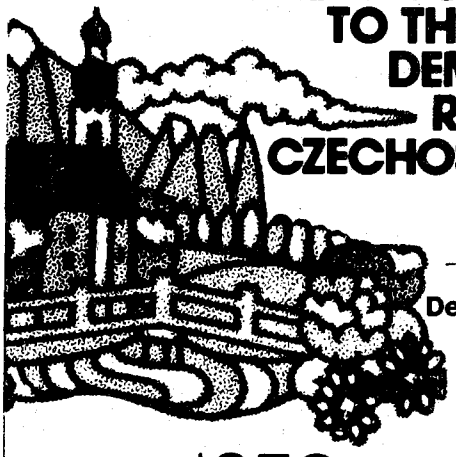
nea

National Education Association

THE SUBJECT IS EXCELLENCE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUDGET HOLIDAY YOUTH TOUR TO THE GERMAN DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC & CZECHOSLOVAKIA!



December 26, 1986 - January 2, 1987

8 PLEASURE PACKED DAYS

AT JUST $850 Land Only $475

From New York • All-Inclusive
Plus visa charges and U.S. Customs and Departure Taxes

Celebrate the holidays in Prague and Berlin! Full sightseeing, meetings with Czech youth, the GDR Friendship Committee and Free German Youth . . . traditional gala dinner in Prague . . . gala New Years Eve Party in Berlin . . . a marvelous holiday in a warm atmosphere of youth friendship and solidarity!

CALL OR WRITE FOR FULL ITINERARY

Voices of the Future/Anniversary Tours

250 W. 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10107

212-245-7501 • Toll-free 800-223-1336

Money talks.
Is your voice being heard?

In matters of politics, foreign policy and the environment, your investment dollar can speak volumes!

The Ethical Investor will show you how to use your investments and contributions profitably and to maximum effect: mutual funds, PACs, real estate, insurance, lobbying groups, stocks, political campaigns. We'll cover them all, and from every viewpoint.

The Ethical Investor will be the newsletter of politics and personal finance!

Please send one year (12 issues) of **The Ethical Investor**. Enclosed is a check or money order for $75. If not satisfied, I may cancel at any time and receive a refund for any remaining issues.

Make checks payable to:
Modern Technology Press
40-19 164 Street, Suite 634
Flushing, New York 11358

Allow 6 to 8 weeks for processing.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ Check for a free copy of our author's guide!

F.B.I. FILES PROTECTED

FOIAbles of the New Drug Law

EVE PELL

Conservative Republican Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah is "tickled pink," and Justice Department officials say they are "absolutely pleased." These longtime critics of the Freedom of Information Act have finally got what they wanted: an amendment that, they say, exempts some records of law-enforcement agencies, including certain files of the Federal Bureau of Investigation pertaining to foreign intelligence, counterintelligence and "international terrorism," from release under the F.O.I.A. Hatch tacked the amendment onto the Anti-Drug Abuse Act of 1986 without hearings or press coverage, leaving liberals and conservatives at odds over what it means.

Ever since Ronald Reagan was elected, F.B.I. and Justice Department officials have pushed to reduce the amount of information in agency files that the government must release. Liberals agreed to the amendment in exchange for provisions that excuse representatives of the news media and of educational institutions from fees for searching files. The new law also allows any requester not filing for commercial purposes two free hours of agency search time and one hundred free pages of copying.

Until recently prospects for changes in the Freedom of Information Act sought by the law-enforcement community looked bleak. Earlier this year an attempt to legislate a comprehensive change in the F.O.I.A. by Democratic Representative Glenn English, chair of the House Government Information Subcommittee, failed. English settled for a bill to prevent the release of information that corporations claim is confidential; however, that bill did not become law.

Then in September the anti-drug bill came along, a perfect vehicle in which the right could roll its agenda forward. Hatch slipped through the amendment he had been trying to pass for five years. F.B.I. Director William Webster, who has warned that the F.O.I.A. enables criminals to obstruct investigations and target informants, lobbied Congress in support of the amendment, which passed overwhelmingly.

Many legislators and lobbyists in Washington claim that the changes will make no significant difference and that, overall, the news media came out ahead because the provisions for fee waivers are so generous. Representative English characterized the amendment on the House floor as bringing "only modest changes to the F.O.I.A.," adding that "no substantive records that are disclosable today will be subject to withholding under these exclusions." His Republican colleague Representative Tom Kindness said the

Eve Pell, the author of The Big Chill, *is an associate at the Center for Investigative Reporting's Freedom of Information Project.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

amendment entailed "no substantive new withholding authority," and Democratic Senator Patrick Leahy, who cosponsored the amendment, concurred.

The Justice Department, the F.B.I. and Senator Hatch, however, see it differently. Kevin Jones, Deputy Assistant Attorney General, says that F.B.I. records on foreign intelligence, counterintelligence and international terrorism, whose very existence is classified, are now outside the scope of the F.O.I.A. The agency will not even have to review its files when information in those areas is requested. This, says Jones, "makes real changes."

Those changes will inhibit disclosure of the F.B.I.'s disruption of legal political groups. It was largely because of F.O.I.A. requests that we know the details of the secret COINTELPRO operations against the antiwar movement from 1965 to 1975, or about F.B.I. investigations of Physicians for Social Responsibility in 1982, or about the eleven pages of F.B.I. counterintelligence documents relating to the late Samantha Smith, the Maine schoolgirl who visited the Soviet Union. Depending on how the F.B.I. interprets it, the new amendment may exempt all such records from the Freedom of Information Act's domain.

Disputes between F.O.I.A. requesters and government agencies are resolved in the courts, which ultimately decide what information agencies must make public. Jones says he expects that judges will now have a "more understanding" attitude toward law-enforcement agencies that choose to withhold records. F.O.I.A. exemption number seven, which allows agencies to withhold information that might damage law-enforcement efforts, formerly applied only to files compiled in the course of an investigation by the agencies. Now it applies to all law-enforcement records.

As a result of the amendment, agencies wishing to withhold files will have to show only that release of the requested information "could reasonably be expected" to harm law enforcement, not that it "would," as was previously required. Ann Mari Buitrago, director of FOIA Inc., an organization in New York City dedicated to the strengthening of the act, says: "'Could' will now become 'might possibly, sometimes, maybe.' It will be a very weak standard, and that's a big loss."

Tonda Rush, assistant general counsel of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, is not convinced that the act posed the threat to law enforcement that F.B.I. Director Webster claimed. "The studies that came out to support the changes did not contain enough detail to document it, and there were questions raised about the methodology," she says. As Rush sees it, the changes do not give the F.B.I. much new authority to withhold information, but reporters who use the F.O.I.A. "may have to do more investigating than they had to before" in order to justify their claims to F.B.I. records. She suspects that "given the volume of requests and the number of clerks, agencies will not give out information if there is a claim under exemption seven." The effect of the changes, she says, will depend on how the F.B.I. uses the new law. Other F.O.I.A. users worry that though technically the changes make very little difference, they can be manipulated by other agencies to make files that are currently available become unavailable.

Faced with Congressional frenzy to pass legislation on drugs, advocates of open government—including Sigma Delta Chi, the American Newspaper Publishers Association and FOIA Inc.—were unable to muster enough support in Congress to strike the F.O.I.A. amendment from the bill. According to insiders, Leahy made a deal with Hatch in which Leahy agreed not to oppose the amendment if it was improved in some respects. In frantic negotiations on Saturday afternoon, September 27, Hatch's original proposal (which would have stalled the release of records on organized crime for five years, curtailing reporting on Raymond Donovan and Jackie Presser, for example) was modified and the provisions about waiving fees were added.

The legislative office of the American Civil Liberties Union in Washington played a key role in negotiating the new law. Two years ago, when Congress exempted the Central Intelligence Agency's counterintelligence and operational files from the F.O.I.A., the organization came under heavy fire from its Northern and Southern California af-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

filiates for compromising with the C.I.A. [see editorial, "Locking the Files," *The Nation*, April 14, 1984]. Critics of the earlier bill say that it might never have been passed had the A.C.L.U. opposed it.

According to Allan Adler, the A.C.L.U.'s legislative counsel, the most recent amendment was introduced on September 25; copies became available the next day. Press groups and the A.C.L.U. lobbied against it, but they did little to mobilize their constituencies. Ari Korpivaara, the A.C.L.U.'s acting public information director, had not been aware that the anti-drug bill contained the amendment. On September 27, Adler heard that Hatch was willing to negotiate, and while press groups lobbied on Capitol Hill, he participated in a series of meetings with Hatch, Leahy and their aides. In those meetings Adler agreed to terms acceptable to Hatch and the law-enforcement community, and the amendment was approved by voice vote later that evening.

Morton Halperin, director of the A.C.L.U.'s legislative office, who says that the organization "has led the fight to keep F.B.I. files available," insists that the amendment does not expand the F.B.I.'s authority to withhold information. If Justice Department officials believe that it does, he claims, court tests will prove them wrong. Adler defends the arrangement, citing the legislators' eagerness to pass a tough anti-drug bill, the certainty that Hatch's amendment would pass and the diversion of liberals' energies into fighting off some of the bill's other provisions. But according to Scott Armstrong, a former reporter for *The Washington Post* and head of the newly formed National Security Archive in Washington: "The problem is terrorism and counter-intelligence [files exempted by the new law]. . . . There is a way to keep files secret forever."

Washington observers believe that the Reagan Administration will press the next Congress to keep up its raids on the Freedom of Information Act. □

A 'ONE-ITEM ENEMIES LIST'

The Justice Department can be counted on to continue its battle against disclosure. Witness the current effort to thwart the new National Security Archive. Founded by former *Washington Post* reporter Scott Armstrong, the archive was set up to obtain and make available to the public unclassified and declassified government documents. An amendment to the F.O.I.A. passed after Watergate in 1974 instructs agencies to reduce or waive search and copy fees for those whose work is "primarily benefiting the general public." The archive will request fee waivers on that basis.

Archive special counsel Quinlan Shea retired from the Justice Department early this year. He had handled F.O.I.A. appeals for the department from 1975 to 1981. Shea says that some Justice Department officials consider Armstrong a "one-item enemies list," adding that "they seem to see the concept of a repository where people share knowledge as some sort of threat."

When department officials and Senator Hatch were negotiating the section of the new law concerning who must pay for government information, they tried to insure that the archive, unlike the media, would not be eligible for fee waivers. "Private repositories of public records shall not qualify for a waiver," Hatch stated on the Senate floor. According to Armstrong, both House and Senate sponsors of the F.O.I.A. amendment made it clear that Hatch holds a singular opinion and that the archive is entitled to a fee waiver. The courts will decide what the lawmakers really intended.

The Justice Department has openly attacked Armstrong's archive. In a speech last August, Assistant Attorney General Stephen Markman called the archive's purpose "ominous" because it will collect a vast number of national security and defense records. He also castigated Armstrong for seeking "a free ride as well as a tax break."

Of greater consequence, according to Markman, is that by requesting the same documents from different agencies and piecing together the information contained in those released, the archive's researchers may discover "a very sensitive larger picture." To prevent such prying, the department's Office of Information and Privacy has set up a special hot line, which all government officials must call if they receive an F.O.I.A. request from the archive or Armstrong, in order to coordinate their response.

Armstrong set up the archive because he knows that individuals who apply for government information are often frustrated by agency denials and delays and that they ultimately give up. The archive, he hopes, will enable such people to get the information to which the law entitles them. E.P.

WHAT THE BOESKY CASE MEANS

The Apple Falls Near the Tree

WILLIAM TABB

Ivan Boesky, unknown except to Wall Street professionals a few weeks ago, is front-page news now that he has admitted to trading on insider information. In a sensational settlement with the Securities and Exchange Commission, he has agreed to give back $50 million in ill-gotten gain and to pay another $50 million as a penance. He faces only a one-count charge, which migh lead to a five-year jail term. He keeps the rest of his fortun estimated at more than $200 million. In exchange, he s cooperating with government investigators.

William Tabb, who teaches economics and sociology at the City University of New York, recently edited Churche in Struggle: Liberation Theologies and Social Change in Nrth America *(Monthly Review Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Boesky mastered the art of buying low and selling high. He knew ahead of time when well-known corporate raiders were going to bid up stock in takeover attempts, and he bought stock in those companies. As soon as that information became public, his stock would rise in value. It was a multimillion-dollar sure thing. It was also illegal.

In the past the S.E.C. usually brought cases against petty inside traders—taxi drivers, secretaries or printers who somehow had picked up secrets. Rarely have the big fish got caught, even though it is widely thought that insider trading is practiced on a vast scale. Only a year ago the S.E.C.'s enforcement chief, Gary Lynch, sounded to many like a hapless Inspector Clouseau who could not see what was right under his nose. "There is something going on in the market," he said ingenuously, "and we intend to get to the bottom of it."

Last summer, after receiving a tip in an anonymous letter postmarked Caracas, Venezuela, the S.E.C. caught up with Dennis Levine, a merger specialist at Drexel Burnham Lambert. Levine, who, according to the S.E.C., made $12.6 million in illicit profits between 1981 and 1986, has plea-bargained in exchange for fingering, among others, Ivan Boesky. Boesky is now naming names, and the investigation widens.

On Wall Street it is said that Levine, who traded and sold information with Boesky, betrayed a trust much like that between lawyer and client. There are continuing efforts to individualize the case. John Phelan, chair of the New York Stock Exchange, grumbled that "for a professional of Mr. Boesky's stature to have done what he has done is inexcusable." One of the people who worked at Drexel told a *Washington Post* reporter: "We feel betrayed. . . . He led us astray." Another said, "One bad apple got totally out of control."

But the market didn't plummet forty-three points on November 18, the fourth-largest single drop in its history, because one professional had acted improperly. Panic spread when it became known that Boesky had agreed to cooperate with Federal authorities and for several months had secretly recorded his conversations with some of the most influential people on Wall Street. Who would be implicated? How far would the scandal go? Hobart Rowen wrote in *The Washington Post* on November 20 that "the Ivan F. Boesky scandal has the potential to be Wall Street's Watergate." Rowen quoted a well-known securities-market investigator as saying, "It's something like capturing the whorehouse madam: now the cops have her date-book."

Wall Streeters have complex interests in the case. People at the old-line investment houses are glad to see some of the upstarts checked by investigators and hope that public confidence in the market will be restored by their arrest. The S.E.C., they say, will rid the stock market of bad apples like Boesky. "The responsibility of the S.E.C. is to level the playing field and, if it has to run its bulldozer back and forth a couple times, that's all to the good for Wall Street and for the fragile commodity called public opinion," one investment executive said. Howard Stein, chair and chief executive officer of the Dreyfus Corporation, which manages $40 billion, told *The New York Times*: "For a long time, as an alternative to much tougher self-regulation by the securities industry itself, I have favored beefed-up budgets for the S.E.C., which needs additional funds for proper surveillance operations. If these funds are not forthcoming from the government, the industry itself should supplement monies for the S.E.C."

But, rhetoric aside, the old-line houses also want to limit the focus of public attention to the question of individual dishonesty, to stop things before the unhealthy nature of most merger activity is scrutinized and the Democrats propose regulation. So far, they are getting their way. The press has played up who gains and who loses how much, rather than examining the structural issues.

Last year the Reagan Administration opposed efforts by Democrats to tighten regulations on the activities of corporate raiders and on the use of high-risk, high-yield bonds, commonly called junk bonds. William Proxmire, new chair of the Senate Banking, Housing and Urban Affairs Committee, is a staunch advocate of stricter controls over speculators and inside traders. He promises to hold extensive hearings not only on the Boesky affair but on broader stock market problems. Administration officials prefer to see Boesky's crime as an individual case and will resist any new legislation. One senior White House official explained: "The fact that you find a crook doesn't mean deregulation can't go on. . . . The more competition we have in the marketplace, the better."

The most ideological among the free marketers see a better solution: legalize insider trading. Why not, they ask, allow information to be sold to the one who will pay the most for it? The cooler heads on Wall Street see such short-term profiteering as potentially disastrous to the market.

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Still, many continue to assert that the system will correct itself. They contend that lawsuits brought by corporations believing they paid too much for a company they acquired because inside traders had inflated the price will discipline the market. Fairness, they say, can be assured through this type of private litigation. But if such suits succeed and individuals, law firms, investment banks and brokerage houses are forced to pay multibillion-dollar claims, higher consumer prices and a less competitive economy will result.

From Boesky, the bad-apple hunt leads to Drexel Burnham Lambert, which financed—and many say organized—raiding parties on corporations, lending money to financial manipulators whose activities hurt the long-term health of the economy. Last summer *Business Week* published a cover story on Drexel. At that time Levine's cooperation with prosecutors was becoming known, and there was speculation that Boesky would be implicated. Chris Welles wrote:

> Drexel has an obligation to corporate clients to keep certain deal information confidential. Yet since he is a client, it also has responsibilities to Boesky, whose business depends on knowing as much about deals as possible. And Boesky, with one of the largest information networks and some of the biggest arbitrage positions on Wall Street, is a valuable client. Drexel sees no conflict.

Established firms and other deal makers who have no love for Drexel or for Boesky are saying publicly that Drexel and Boesky had inherently incestuous ties. Now the S.E.C. seems ready to prove it.

Federal investigators have lots of questions for Drexel officials. They are interested in, among others, Michael Milken, who created and directs the company's junk-bond department. Milken, who is paid $40 million a year, a small part of what he brings into the firm, has received a subpoena. Junk bonds barely existed at the beginning of this decade, but today they are a multibillion-dollar business. Drexel is estimated to be making more than Salomon Brothers, the leader among bond underwriters, although it has about half the capital base of Salomon. When it became clear recently that Salomon Brothers was moving into the junk-bond business, Henry Kaufman, one of Wall Street's most respected figures, resigned as the company's vice president and as a member of its board (though he remained as head of Salomon Brothers' research department). "I'm not sure that this whole trend makes a net contribution to society," Kaufman said.

But the new-style bankers at the savings and loan associations have loaded up on junk bonds. So have many of the mutual funds on Wall Street. As a result they can offer a breathtaking return of 11 percent or more. However, junk bonds are beginning to default. LTV, the once high-flying conglomerate, defaulted on a large number of junk bonds this past summer. Drexel, through sheer cunning and daring, has dramatically changed the U.S. financial system.

The transition back to blue chips probably will not be smooth. Undoing the damage will not be easy, and indeed it is unlikely given the S.E.C.'s understanding of what is wrong. The problem in the stock market is not just insider trading but the merger mania itself, the speculation, the reckless pyramiding of debt. Mergers and acquisitions now drive the economy. The stock market activity generated by Boesky and his ilk have masked the stagnation of the economy. What will happen if the mask is removed?

Ivan Boesky did not operate in a vacuum. What about the offshore banks through which dirty deals are done? And what about the prominent investment houses that do business through these banks, and the law firms that make tens of millions of dollars in a few weeks on mergers, and the accountants who charge huge fees for the paperwork? All are in on the raiders' plans. So, too, however tangentially, are those who manage the raiders' targets—the corporate executives with their golden parachutes if the raiders win and their poison pills that weaken their companies' prospects.

The workings of insider information extend to Boesky's trial. Harvey Pitt, the lawyer who worked out Boesky's so-called remarkable compromise with the S.E.C., was formerly general counsel for the commission. He was assisted by Theodore A. Levine, who was once the number-three man in the commission's enforcement division. Is Pitt trading on insider information, his knowledge of the people who used to work for him when he was with the S.E.C. and of how the commission works out its strategy in such cases? Boesky's sale of $440 million in stock before the market fell represents the ultimate insider deal.

Jeff Danziger's cartoon in *The Christian Science Monitor*

BULK ORDERS

FACING SOUTH AFRICA

The November 22 Nation examines one of today's most critical issues:

Andrew Kopkind presents a snapshot of the black and white communities at the point of change. David Lewis reveals the potential force of the international community on South Africa. Reviews of South African fiction, music and theater. Book Notes on nonfiction titles. An extensive list of organizations and media resources.

This Special Issue of The Nation is ideal for distribution by your organization, for classroom use or for anyone who should face South Africa.

SPECIAL RATES: Good only through December 15, 1986.

1 - 9 copies: $2.00 each. 10 - 99: $1.00 each.
100 - 499: $.75 each. 500 or more: $.50 each.

Prepayment is required (price includes postage).

Send me _____ copies of The Nation Special Issue, **Facing South Africa.**
I enclose $_____ payment in full.*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

* Mail check or money order to Nation Bulk Sales, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (U.S. currency only. N.Y. State residents please add appropriate sales tax.) 8645

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nation Reprint Mart.

The Nation's 120th anniversary issue: Looking at the United States

The Nation asked writers and politicians from around the world to reflect on modern America for our 120th anniversary issue. Margaret Atwood, Abolhassan Bani-Sadr, Benazir Bhutto, Willy Brandt, E.L. Doctorow, Slavenka Drakulich, Rachel Eytan, Carlos Fuentes, Christopher Hitchens, George Konrad, Jack Lang, Penny Lernoux, Michael Manley, Wang Meng, Margaret Chant Papandreou, Salman Rushdie, E.P. Thompson, Gore Vidal and Yevgeny Yevtushenko. Also: Penn Kimball's analysis of the F.B.I.'s 60-year surveillance of *The Nation*. 120-page issue. **Single copies $4 each.** *(March 22, 1986)*

Fifteen Years of the Burger Court

What has the Burger Court meant for Americans? In this *Nation* issue, awarded the A.B.A.'s Silver Gavel award, twelve prominent legal scholars examine this question, covering the Court's rulings on First Amendment rights, racial equality, national security, sex discrimination and eight other areas. *(September 29, 1984)*

The Rise and Decline of Accuracy in Media

Michael Massing reports on AIM's effect on journalists and concludes that AIM is a paper tiger. Alan Wolfe reflects on AIM's agenda and argues that its concerns are ideological. *(September 14, 1986)*

Beyond Westmoreland: The Right's Attack on the Press

Walter Schneir and Miriam Schneir provide a valuable overview of the New Right's campaign against the media. They show how the Westmoreland trial fits into a strategy to curtail the independence of the press. *(March 30, 1985)*

The Strange Correspondence of Morris Ernst & John Edgar Hoover, 1939–1964

Harrison E. Salisbury, the award-winning journalist, examines the correspondence between F.B.I. director J. Edgar Hoover and Morris Ernst of the American Civil Liberties Union. He reveals how Hoover exploited and debased Ernst's confidence and in so doing compromised the A.C.L.U. *(December 1, 1984)*

K.A.L. 007: What the U.S. Knew And When We Knew It

This issue raises serious questions about the U.S. role in the downing of Korean Air Lines Flight 007. Author David Pearson's study argues that U.S. authorities at the highest level knew the airliner was off course much earlier than they have admitted, and that the questions raised by the official versions of the story can only be resolved by a Congressional inquiry. *(August 18/25, 1984)*

K.A.L. 007: Unanswered Questions

This issue updates the ground-breaking K.A.L. story from the year before. David Pearson, John Keppel and David Corn analyze new Japanese radar data, examine a Nation Institute–sponsored review, by aviation experts, of the final airline transmission and describe the government's efforts to obstruct investigation. *(August 17/24, 1985)*

Myths of the Middle East

This special issue of *The Nation* is devoted to breaking the logomachy jam in the Israeli-Palestinian conflict by subjecting the emotion-sodden rhetoric that weighs down current thinking to a blast of fresh ideas. *(December 5, 1981)*

The Campaign to Smear the Nuclear Freeze Movement

Frank Donner offers a provocative analysis and thorough documentation of the outrageous attempts by right wingers in media, Congress and the Administration to discredit the nuclear freeze movement, charging that it is inspired and manipulated by the Soviet Union. *(November 6, 1982)*

Nuclear Samizdat

What do Russians think about the nuclear arms race? Two prominent Marxist dissidents, historian Roy A. Medvedev and biologist Zhores A. Medvedev, provide the unofficial viewpoint with a clarity rarely found in the American press. *(January 16, 1982)*

Disarmament: Covering the Unthinkable

In this special issue Richard Pollak takes a critical look at the media coverage of the indisputably most important issue facing mankind; Michael Kazin gives a brief history of the birth of the freeze movement; and David Corn presents a useful directory of organizations working on the disarmament issue. *(May 1, 1982)*

The New Arms Technology

From the catapult to particle beam weapons, the engineering of death has concentrated more attention and resources than any other human endeavor. Nine leading experts explore and explain arms technology—both "conventional" and nuclear—and trace the political decisions which have led us closer to Armageddon than ever before. *(April 9, 1983)*

Central America

Appearing just after the controversial Kissinger report in January 1984, the special issue on Central America offered a strong refutation of the Administration's views. The arguments still hold. Highlighted by Walter LaFeber's overview, William LeoGrande's analysis of the domestic political fallout and Peter Davis's compelling firsthand report on the Nicaraguan revolution. Important and informative. *(January 28, 1984)*

Latin America: A Political Guide

An invaluable survey of thirty-three Latin American countries by Penny Lernoux, *The Nation*'s award-winning Latin America correspondent. *(August 22/29, 1981)*

El Salvador

A compilation of *Nation* articles on Central America and El Salvador, including an early debunking of the famed "White Paper" by James Petras. *(1980-1981)*

Back Issues of The Nation

These and other back issues of *The Nation*, 1981 to the present (when available), are $3 each.

THE NATION REPRINT MART ORDER FORM

REPRINTS (each title)	Qty.	Name	Total
1-9: $3.00 ea.			
10-49: $2.00 ea.			
50-99: $1.50 ea.			
100-249: $1.25 ea.			
250 or more: $1.00 ea.			
BACK ISSUES $3.00 each		Date	
		Date	

N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax _____

Total Enclosed _____

SEND TO:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

Mail check or money order to Nation Reprints, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. **Prepayment is required. All reprint sales are final.**

Foreign orders (including Canada): Add $1 per issue. Payment must be made with an international money order (no service charge) or from a U.S. dollar account (add service charge: Canada, $5; all others, $15).

NR8645

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on November 18 shows two dark-suited briefcase carriers on the steps of the New York Stock Exchange. One says to the other, "This Boesky affair is really undermining confidence in the market." "I know," his friend answers, "I haven't had a good hot tip all day." Everybody does it. Information is what fuels the market. When does it become insider trading? Is the whole casino rigged? And what does it mean for the economy? What happens when the labor of talented people and money that might go to building better products is consumed in a paper chase? When more is spent on mergers than on investment in new plants and equipment?

Along with the questions, the Boesky case points to a breakdown in conventional limits to greed. Under current conditions the logical extension of possessive individualism is criminal activity. Boesky represents only a slight deviation from the morality today's market finds acceptable.

Ivan Boesky was enmeshed in patterns of illegal trading and corruption of the kind made public after the stock market crash of 1929. He is no bad apple; the tree is diseased. □

LETTERS.

(*Continued From Page 658*)

World. Inviting them to campus seemed slightly dangerous.

Seeger's contribution in the 1950s in preserving a musical tradition thus went beyond the "ritual of affirmation" for aging radicals and their children, which Lemisch is willing to concede to him. No Pete Seeger in the 1950s would have meant no Bob Dylan in the 1960s. The counterculture of the 1960s had its own problems, but a lack of political influence was not among them.

Lemisch admires the "distinctly contemporary" forms of advertising and music videos, with their "rapid movement, mobile cameras, quick cutting, excitement," etc. I am not so enamored of those particular cultural forms, nor am I convinced that they offer as favorable a terrain for political persuasion and education as the clunky old folkie-documentary tradition that Lemisch disdains. There's no reason that the left should not make room for both. But as a young Dylan once sang in an inauthentic drawl he picked up from Folkways Records: "The first one now may later be last." MTV producers and Jesse Lemisch take heed.

Maurice Isserman

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY, MONEY

New York City

I'm unfamiliar with the music of Si Kahn, but I have heard Jesse Lemisch's tune many times. He admits that the way films look "has to do as much with ideology as money," but that's the last we hear about the relation of money to cultural production. It would be helpful to compare the production budgets for films he considers of the "more advanced, 'bourgeois' aesthetic," with those for films he criticizes as being willfully out of date.

I believe that the failure of left art to reach a popular audience has less to do with the distance between artist and audience than with the distance between the existing technology and the number of artists who can afford to use it. Is it a coincidence that the best example Lemisch can find of intelligent left filmmaking with slick production values is a project sponsored by the City University of New York?

Before critics prescribe how artists should make their art conform to a dominant, sophisticated, bourgeois model, they should consider not only questions of politics, aesthetics and honesty, but also the economics that underlie their model. Lemisch may be in sync with the college-educated audience, but he is out of touch with the realities of independent production. He fails to see that some people may wear overalls instead of Brooks Brothers suits because they are cheaper and more durable.

Gary Lenhart

LEAVIN' ON THE WRONG JET PLANE

New York City

Congratulations on publishing Jesse Lemisch's wonderful article on what passes for left popular culture. It's bad enough that folk singers keep trying earnestly to reach Americans with the same lame tunes, but it is especially embarrassing when, in the name of "solidarity," they export this stuff. Current example: teen-agers in Managua are breakdancing on street corners, and Nicaragua's airwaves are throbbing with Caribbean disco and funk; so who do leftists send as cultural ambassadors? Peter, Paul and Mary, with songs about dead flowers. It's enough to make you turn on Voice of America.

Sara Miles

GATES OF EDEN

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Although it has never provided an alternative political leadership, the organized left in the United States has been a seedbed of alternative cultural values and perspectives. Jesse Lemisch's article expresses his disdain for a variety of left cultural projects. At first glance he seems to be arguing matters of taste, especially a horror of blue overalls, but his deeper aversion is to an aesthetic style that he claims pervades left artistic work. It's the style of the Popular Front of the 1930s, a style both obsolete (consequently unable to be "popular") and dishonest (its sensibility evades critique and self-awareness).

Contemporary left cultural projects get precious little attention—let alone critical scrutiny—from leftists, but Lemisch is less than helpful. He trashes work that deserves appreciation and, in the process, demonstrates considerable ignorance and carelessness about the artists' intentions and impact. He's opened a discussion that ought to go on, but it should be based on a deeper understanding of the left cultural tradition.

Of all the art forms, song is the most democratic. Anyone can sing, and so experience the work without the mediation of specially skilled performers. Songs therefore are repositories of personal and collective memory for individuals; they are also a means to express unity, community, collective power. The more politically voiceless a group, the more likely it is to sing.

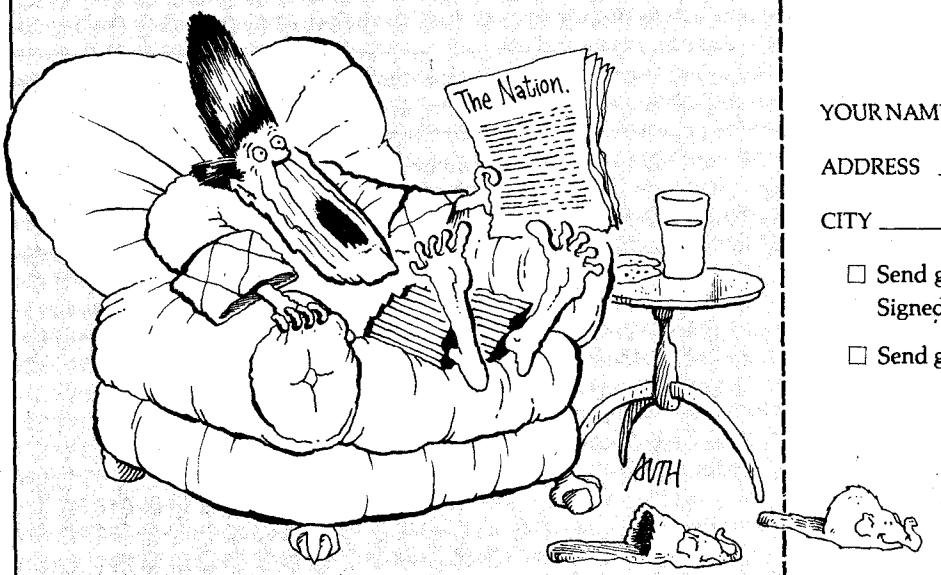
Such considerations underlie Pete Seeger's art. The deliberate artlessness of his performance style, his occasional sentimentality and the seeming anachronisms in his repertoire cause critics like Lemisch to dismiss him. Indeed, Seeger is woefully underappreciated even by those who enthusiastically respond to his performances. Many love Seeger, quite rightly, because his concerts can be exhilarating and morally uplifting. His songs connect the audience, however fleetingly, to historical struggles and contemporary movements. The singing that he so skillfully coaxes from an audience can be deeply affecting and even beautiful. Sometimes a Seeger concert is like a revival meeting at which socialism is the old-time religion. It is for those performances that Seeger is best known, and Lemisch is correct in saying that they are insular, distant from the mass media and their audiences. But those concerts strike me as the least of Seeger's contributions.

For nearly fifty years Seeger has led efforts to make folk song a living component of urban popular culture. In addition, he has stimulated the revitalization of minstrelsy by fusing traditional folk musical forms with lyrics that express contemporary social and political themes.

Seeger was instrumental in the so-called folk revival of the late 1930s, which introduced urban audiences to authentic folk artists like Leadbelly, Aunt Molly Jackson and, most famous, Woody Guthrie. Those artists—and the hundreds of songs they performed—were proof that an unschooled and uncommercialized creativity thrived at the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Surprise!



This holiday season surprise and delight your friends—and confound your enemies—by giving gift subscriptions to *The Nation*, the leading defender of human rights, environmental controls, consumer protection, and nuclear sanity against the onslaught of the Radical Right.

SPECIAL LOW HOLIDAY GIFT RATES!

$18.50
for the first gift
(more than 50% off the regular subscription price)

only $16.00
for each additional gift

For each gift subscription we will send a card, in your name, reproducing the Tony Auth drawing above.

More than 50% off on all gift subscriptions!

1 year—47 issues
First gift—$18.50
Each additional gift—$16.00

YOUR NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Send gift card(s) to recipient(s).
Signed _____

☐ Send gift cards to me in time for holiday giving.

PLEASE SEND GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS TO:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

For gifts outside U.S. add $9 each for postage.
Payment in U.S. funds only.

For additional gifts attach list.

☐ Enclosed is $ _____ for ____ subscription(s).

Charge my: ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA

Account # _____ Exp. Date

Signature _____

☐ Bill me later.

SEND TO: THE NATION, BOX 1953
MARION, OH 43305.

MD645

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grass roots and could create an alternative culture to that purveyed by the mass media. It would be a culture more open to popular participation, more supportive of community, and it would acknowledge the dignity of the disadvantaged.

Although the folk revival had its greatest impact in left-wing circles, it was not insular. Guthrie, Seeger and other folk singers were heard on major network radio during World War II. Folk records were highly popular, as were folk-influenced works, like the pop cantatas of Earl Robinson and the ballet scores of Aaron Copland. The revival hit its peak in the early 1950s, when Seeger and the Weavers had hit after hit with Guthrie and Leadbelly material. Their songs are still sung by countless people, who learned them in school and in summer camp and around the family piano. The Weavers disappeared from the airwaves not because they were archaic but because they were blacklisted. They were soon imitated, however, by groups that made millions by exploiting their style (for example, the Kingston Trio and Peter, Paul and Mary). Today large audiences turn out for relatively uncommercialized performances of various kinds of traditional music. The continuous rediscovery of folk music is now a regular feature of American cultural life. The line Lemisch draws between up-to-date mainstream culture and archaic folk music seems largely irrelevant in the world of popular taste.

Seeger, moreover, has never been content merely to revive traditional forms. Like Woody Guthrie (and like the Wobbly bards of the pre–World War I era) he's wanted to be a minstrel, bringing the news to the people through song. He's written many songs of social significance, using folk music idioms to convey contemporary public and private realities; he's also taught audiences the topical political songs of other songwriters, popularizing the work of Malvina Reynolds, Tom Paxton, the young Bob Dylan and many others. Like the folk songs the Weavers sang, some of these "protest" songs became well loved, including Seeger's own "If I Had a Hammer," Guthrie's "This Land Is Your Land" and Reynolds's "Little Boxes." The last of those was a Top 40 hit for Seeger—notwithstanding Lemisch's apparent belief that it appeals only to guilt-ridden middle-class lefties.

Such popularity, however, is not the full measure of Seeger's contribution. His efforts to use traditional music to express contemporary social concerns provided the catalyst for what is now a worldwide cultural movement. In the 1960s a community of musicians and performers in Chile, of whom Victor Jara became the best known, began a similar project. By now, *nueva cancion* ("new song") has become a political force in Chile and throughout Latin America. Similar efforts have had a great impact in Britain, Ireland, Australia, Italy, Eastern Europe and South Africa. Seeger, despite his extraordinary modesty, is clearly a model for all of that, and he has done a great deal to promote the new song movement.

Meanwhile, since the mid-1960s a more commercial version of the same project—what in its earliest days was called folk rock or protest rock—has developed. Bob Dylan was the pioneer in fusing traditional music with rock-and-roll. Seeger created the public space and part of the stylistic direction that cleared the way for Dylan and other popular musicians of the 1960s. Even though rock music, with its reliance on electronics, mannered performance and raw sexual energy, seems to Lemisch to be the opposite of Seeger's simple, blue-overalled singing, the dialectical interconnections need to be seen if the developing shape of popular culture is to be understood.

Si Kahn might be seen as Guthrie and Seeger's grandchild. Today there are many such grandchildren, guitar-playing singer-songwriters, though they get far less air play than the children (Dylan, Arlo Guthrie, Country Joe McDonald, Phil Ochs) got twenty years ago. The 1980s have been a productive period for political songwriters—much to write about, much hunger for the feeling of connectedness and hope that a good song can stimulate. Kahn, like all the others, has produced his share of dumb songs, as Lemisch takes pains to document. But the notion that the minstrel role itself is obsolete seems obtuse. From Gdansk to Asbury Park people still turn to guitar-strumming singers for antidotes to official propaganda and mass-mediated versions of reality.

Lemisch criticizes Kahn for not singing in his own voice, for employing instead the accent and diction of Southern white workers, among whom he has lived and organized for close to twenty years. Kahn's style seems to Lemisch disingenuous, inauthentic (while pretending otherwise), self-hating. And not only that, Lemisch attributes this imitation to the self-defeating perspectives of the left. He thinks it comes from a desire to connect with a working class that doesn't even exist; instead, he would like left performers to use a "modern voice."

Lemisch ignores the fact that Kahn is part of a long tradition; ever since Mark Twain wrote *Huckleberry Finn*, middle-class American artists have adopted the mannerisms and sensibilities of various sorts of "common people." In our own era Robert Zimmerman is a glaring case in point. Si Kahn singing about his Polish ancestors in a Southern accent is not as outrageous as Kinky Friedman, accompanied by the Texas Jewboys, singing his classic Jewish cowboy song "Six Million Miles." It's thirty years since Norman Mailer wrote about the white Negro; twenty years since middle-class Janis Joplin came on stage belting the blues. Such imitation is hardly a left-wing disorder; it's one of the mainsprings of American culture. Its motivations and limitations deserve analysis, but the phenomenon can hardly be attributed to the Popular Front.

Lemisch wants left artists to be analytical, critical, self-aware and popular at the same time. He is looking for Brechtian expression, work that forces audiences to think before they feel, to examine their assumptions, to be uncomfortable and contentious. But is Brecht the only model, especially if the goal is to communicate with the "mainstream"? *Far From Poland* is a wonderful documentary, but doesn't it presuppose a degree of political sophistication and involvement that makes it unlikely to reach the unpoliticized? Ironically, despite what Lemisch says about it, *Seeing Red*, one of whose primary purposes was to challenge stereotypes, has been about as successful in terms of outreach as one could expect a left-wing documentary to be. Like *Union Maids*, which Lemisch also thinks lacked popular appeal, it was nominated for an Academy Award; it was screened in many cities and was recently aired nationally on public television, as well as on cable networks. *Seeing Red* isn't Brechtian, but Lemisch is wrong to think that it's uncritical oral history. *Seeing Red* and *The Good Fight* are not primarily about the Communist Party or the Spanish Civil War. They are about the vicissitudes of political commitment, about the fate of idealism and the consequences of lives spent fighting for lost causes. Perhaps they are biased toward those who retain rather than disdain their youthful ideals; still, that is their subject. Like any film about a complex and contested historical phenomenon, these films are bound to be limited. But young audiences who know next to nothing about their subjects certainly derive a reasonably multidimensional sense of the history from both films and, in my experience, are stimulated to learn more.

The films Lemisch attacks present us with people—ordinary rather than celebrated—who have tried to make their lives meaningful in history. What comes across is not that these are heroes or saints but that, despite their frustrations and failures, they have found meaning. Where can young people look in the popular culture for models of socially responsible living? Isn't the revitalization of idealism and the demonstration of its everyday plausibility a proper, indeed central, concern for left cultural work?

I'm not sure what connects Pete Seeger and *Seeing Red* for Jesse Lemisch. Perhaps it is that both assume the validity of cultural traditions that mainstream media rarely acknowledge. Yet, contrary to Lemisch's analysis, Seeger and *Seeing Red* suggest that work carried outside the mainstream can nevertheless penetrate it. Indeed, they suggest that abandoning that independent position might mean the end of the left. Fresh perspectives and new sources of creativity are badly needed in left culture, but critical reconstruction must be based on appreciation of the traditions within which such work has been accomplished—and of the ways in which the left has been a force in the cultural development of this country. *Dick Flacks*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Small Time

STUART KLAWANS

Small presses are villages of refuge from the aesthetic police. Granted, you can find in them writers who try to meet the fanciest of standards; but you're more likely to come across people who deny the very concept of artistic merit. Some believe they're working in forms that are too new to be codified. Some—the leftover romantics—think of themselves as iconoclasts, outlaws, *poètes maudits*; some are too busy working out an obsession to bother with questions of good or bad; and some believe it's just a little late to be talking about aesthetics.

The publications below represent all of those tendencies. I recommend them despite their lack of literary merit. Some have turned away from literature in favor of graphic-arts experiments or populist notions. Some are fanzines, offering eccentric, personal reactions to popular culture. Some—the hardest to read—force you to remember that behind any literary production, however inept, stands a human being. That, of course, may be a banal, sentimental excuse for aesthetic misdemeanors. But we are now entering an area where the banal and sentimental are as good as anybody else; where the production of art has become truly democratic, even though the distribution of talent is not.

In Toronto, a press called CURVD H&Z publishes a journal titled *Industrial Sabotage* (729a Queen Street E., Toronto, Ontario M4M 1H1), in which the writing consists mostly of Minimalist (i.e., not quite) poetry, interspersed with similar attempts at avant-garde prose. But CURVD H&Z makes up for its lackluster writing with delightfully inventive graphics and formats. Their publications are filled with clip art, of course—clip art has become the distinguishing mark of the small press—but one also finds color xerography, rubber-stamp lettering, typographical jumbles, original line art and consistently clever packaging. Number 33, for example—an issue titled *Index*—comes in the form of a computer printout. Number 21 consists of irregular strips of colored paper with typewritten text, the whole stapled together with a dental X-ray as its cover. Since I'm determined not to review the writing, I will comment that the X-ray shows a first bicuspid with healthy nerve tissue but some evidence of resorption and calcium deposits. A future *Industrial Sabotage* will feature haiku, with each poem typed on a square of tissue paper. The tissues will then be rolled into balls and stuffed into a film canister.

Much of the writing in *Industrial Sabotage* comes under the heading of "visual poetry," a category that makes me think of advertisements for soft-rock radio stations. (Not art. Not poetry. *Visual poetry.*) In visual poetry, the meaning of the words is generally less important than the way they look on the page. In fact, the language is often reduced to Dadaist fragments and juxtapositions, while the predominant visual style is collage, in which many of the found images are bits of text.

The genre has now generated its own critical literature, an example of which may be found in *Alphabets Sublime: Contemporary Artists on Collage and Visual Literature*, by George Myers Jr. (Paycock Press, P.O. Box 3567, Washington, DC 20007). Myers has conducted interviews with a score of artists and writers, to which he has added an essay in the characteristic style of artists' manifestoes, part graduate-school seminar and part St. John the Divine. Fortunately, the artists don't all share Myers's earnestness. When asked whether there can be such a thing as an individual style, John M. Bennett, publisher of Luna Bisonte Prods, replies, "Of course. . . . I would describe mine as the 'burning poodle' style."

Burning poodle poetry consists of nearly illegible scrawls of a few well-chosen words, which tend to be cryptic when not out-and-out offensive. Take a lot of burning poodle poems and photocopy them in the company of other deliberate insults to the past 3,000 years of literature, and you get Bennett's journal, *Lost & Found Times* (137 Leland Avenue, Columbus, OH 43214). Add a bunch of cartoons, reprints of newspaper items and readers' correspondence, and you have the astounding *Popular Reality*, a broadside edited by David Crowbar (P.O. Box 3402, Ann Arbor, MI 48106). I prefer *Popular Reality* to *Lost & Found Times* because of its higher quotient of unassimilated clip art and premeditated raving. In other words, it's funnier. It also reveals more clearly its origins in the cult of Mail Art.

Begotten in the 1970s by California Funk on the unbreathing body of Conceptual Art, Mail Art is the sole organizing principle of much small-press publishing. It is not an aesthetic but rather a lunatic determination to publish or display whatever people have sent you through the U.S. Postal Service. Newcomers to publications such as *Popular Reality* sometimes make the mistake of trying to define the editor's artistic philosophy. If he has one, though, it would certainly be less important than his commitment to the people who mail in their work. I suspect *Popular Reality* would even publish a Petrarchan sonnet, provided David Crowbar felt friendly toward you and you'd sent it on a postcard that looked tacky enough.

First visual poetry, then Mail Art. Continue the line of reasoning, and you reach Jack Saunders. I have begun to think of Saunders as an exemplar of the small-press nonaesthetic pushed to its limits, which may be unfair of me. People should not be treated as test cases; but, then, Saunders all but shakes you by the shoulders and demands it.

"This is the true literature of our time," Saunders writes of Mail Art, "this stuff right here that we are sending to each other, responding to, cross-pollinating with." Saunders has been collecting his own correspondence and the output of his literary method—which he calls Daily Typewriting—and publishing them at a dismaying rate. I believe he brought out five titles in 1985 alone (available from Mixed Breed, Box 42, Delray Beach, FL 33444). The subject of this enormous output—its only subject—is the world's neglect of Jack Saunders's writing. The work is without stylistic felicities, judged by any standard I've run across; its content may be reduced to two propositions:

(1) Jack Saunders is a true artist—that is, an outcast, a loner, a pariah.

(2) It is an outrage that New York publishers have deprived the world of Jack Saunders's writings.

With those two notions whirring in his head like a fanbelt, Saunders practices his Daily Typewriting and pro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

duces titles such as *Evil Genius* and *Screed* (the latter is available from Vagabond Press, 1610 North Water Street, Ellensburg, WA 98926). Exposure to his writing can be bracing, in small doses, since it takes you to a point you can reach only in the small-press world, the Absolute Zero of writing, where nothing exists anymore except the writer's determination to write, where being unknown is not so much a condition to be overcome as a vocation.

Let us turn then to small-press writers who have obsessions other than themselves. My favorites are the underground baseball fanzines, particularly *Baseball Diary* (1619 Fremont Avenue, South Pasadena, CA 91030). Some of it actually is about baseball, and the editor, William Fuller, shows a welcome independence of mind. Despite his residence near Anaheim, he has confessed in print that he has no enthusiasm for the Angels. The art director, Jagne Parkes, regularly produces collages and color-Xerox oddities that bear comparison to the best of *Industrial Sabotage*. Most curious of all, *Baseball Diary* sometimes publishes poems that really are poems, which should disqualify it for inclusion in the present column. I am nevertheless entering it under the modified d.h. rule, and for the sake of Elinor Nauen's *The History of the Human Body/Winfield's Infield Hit/The Lassitude of the Infinite*, which contains the lines:

> you're no doubt tied up
> yeah but what about this goddamn
> famous oldtime
> electricity: I haven't felt this way in
> years.
> It's better than having a crush on
> Lou Piniella & hooray
> we're back to baseball.

Another baseball fanzine worth mentioning is *Baseball Complete with Spelling Errors*, edited by Grant Shilling (1720 Larch Street, #207, Vancouver, BC V6K 3N8). *Spelling Errors* is stronger on baseball memorabilia than is *Baseball Diary*; it also keeps tabs on the Canadian league and includes large chunks of Shilling's literary production. Like Jack Saunders, Shilling professes an admiration for the work of Charles Bukowski. Bukowski seems to be a favorite author of a lot of small-press writers, which should disabuse you of the notion that these people are necessarily progressive.

If you really must have poets as outcasts, I suggest you turn instead to *Empire!: The Creative Writing Journal of New York State Inmates*, published by the New York State Department of Correctional Services and edited by Paul Gordon (c/o Education Department, Arthur Kill Correctional Facility, 2911 Arthur Kill Road, Staten Island, NY 10309). There have been two issues of *Empire!* so far; they demonstrate far better than *Popular Reality* the reasons for ignoring aesthetic values in favor of human ones.

Must miss, in terms of both aesthetic and human values: *Story Quarterly* #21: *Stories from the Gordon Lish Workshops*. This issue has been out for several months now, but I feel people should be warned away from it for at least the next five years.

Department of Criticism and Self-Criticism: *The Nation*'s literary editor has pointed out to me that the above column, like my previous columns, has included very few women. This fault may indeed be evidence of sexism-by-omission, for which I hasten to apologize. The fault may also arise, at least in part, from distraction caused by hours of sorting through burning poodles. I mean, this column was about the *good* stuff. In any case, I promise to correct the sexual bias in future columns (should *The Nation* continue to put up with them).

I also intend to correct a racial bias in the next column, which will review a small-press novel that does have literary merit, and is by an outsider to boot. The book is *My Amputations*, by Clarence Major, and it has been self-published through the Fiction Collective. □

Paler Fire

STEVEN G. KELLMAN

THE ENCHANTER. *By Vladimir Nabokov. Translated by Dmitri Nabokov. G.P. Putnam's Sons. 127 pp. $16.95.*

In the 1962 foreword to *The Gift*, written between 1935 and 1937 while he was living in Berlin and then in southern France, Vladimir Nabokov declared: "It is the last novel I wrote, or ever shall write, in Russian." By 1937 he was already at work on his first English novel, *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*, which was published in 1941, the year after the Nabokovs left Paris for the United States. *The Gift* is generally regarded as not only the last but also the greatest of Nabokov's Russian novels. Publication now, nine years after its author's death, of *The Enchanter* (*Volshebnik*), will alter neither assessment.

It is only by a considerable stretch of the generic imagination that *The Enchanter* could be considered a novel, and by an ingenious allocation of pages that it has become a book. With generous margins and chapter breaks, the tale itself is a mere seventy-four pages, fifty-five pages in the original typescript. The text is supplemented by: an excerpt from the afterword to *Lolita* that Nabokov first published in French, in 1956; part of a letter we are told he sent to his American publisher in 1959; a translator's note; and a lengthy postscript by the translator, who also happens to be the author's only son. Shades of Charles Kinbote, the psychopathic assembler of scholarly apparatuses in *Pale Fire*?

Portions of the original Russian typescript, along with Vladimir Nabokov's handwritten corrections, are, we are informed, reproduced as the endpapers of this posthumous discovery. I ascribe no sinister significance to the fact that Dmitri Nabokov was born the same year, 1934, that his father published a novel titled *Despair*. And I have no reason to doubt the filial translator's curious insistence that "no literary adventurer would have a leg to stand on if he were to question the authorship of *The Enchanter*."

I do not invite amputation, but I do note that on the back flap of this new book we are instructed not only that Dmitri Nabokov "races boats and cars, climbs mountains, and skis," but also that "he is writing a pseudonymous novel." "Play! Invent the world! Invent reality!" urges the Baroness Bredow in *Look at the Harlequins!* (1974). And its sly author, whose *Invitation to a Beheading* (1938) begins with an invented epigraph by an invented

Steven G. Kellman is a professor of comparative literature at the University of Texas at San Antonio and the winner of the 1986 H.L. Mencken Writing Award.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Frenchman, one Pierre Delalande, delighted in pulling the legs of his readers, even out from under them. He might have enjoyed the suspicion that Dmitri, who was a 5-year-old in 1939, when *The Enchanter* is said to have been written, is using Vladimir Nabokov as his pseudonym. The coy master himself appended the name V. Sirin to his earliest fiction, including, according to Dmitri, *The Enchanter*.

It would be delicious to believe that *The Enchanter* is the greatest familial literary hoax since Thomas Hardy wrote his own biography and signed it with the name of Florence Emily Hardy, his second wife. Or else it would be reassuring to be able to believe that *The Enchanter* is not being published merely as the fossilized droppings of a literary lion, that it would be of compelling interest even if written by an unknown. Thanks to the industry of his heirs and devotees, Vladimir Nabokov has been as prolific posthumously as many authors are prehumously. *The Nabokov-Wilson Letters* (1979), *Lectures on Literature* (1980), *Lectures on Russian Literature* (1981) and *Lectures on Don Quixote* (1984) are spirited encores from beyond the grave. But *The Enchanter* is a novella whose chief appeal is as a rehearsal for *Lolita*, Nabokov's own favorite.

It is, in brief, the story of a 40-year-old man who asks himself: "What if the way to true bliss is indeed through a still delicate membrane, before it has had time to harden, become overgrown, lose the fragrance and the shimmer through which one penetrates to the throbbing star of that bliss?" He becomes so enamored of a roller-skating 12-year-old nymphet he encounters in a park that he marries her ailing widowed mother in order to gain access to her. When the mother finally dies, he whisks the child off to a rural hotel, where a pathetic attempt to take possession of her ends in disaster.

In the appendix to *Lolita* ("On a Book Entitled *Lolita*") Nabokov describes its prototype as a "short story some thirty pages long" in which "the man was a central European, the anonymous nymphet was French, and the loci were Paris and Provence." Not only is *The Enchanter* a few pages longer than remembered, but its local habitations and names are refined into abstraction. The main character could be studying to be Humbert Humbert, but, though Nabokov recalls him as "Arthur" in his 1950s afterword, he

"Richard Lingeman gives new life to Dreiser and returns the novelist to the general public."
—Kenny J. Williams, *Chicago Tribune*

"Deeply felt biography."
—Justin Kaplan, *Boston Globe*

"Reading Theodore Dreiser's own story is a little like reading a Dreiser novel... As soon as you get into it, you are carried along by its stubborn power. Or you are if it is told as well as it is by Richard Lingeman."
—John Gross, *New York Times*

"Dreiser's early life has never been more vividly told. Lingeman's definitive book reveals the tough, uncompromising impulse that led Dreiser, disdaining style, to slug with such knock-out power." **–Studs Terkel**

"Lingeman tells this first part of the story with thoroughness, candor, and an admirable sympathy.... **Solid, honorable and perceptive."**
—Jonathan Yardley, *Washington Post Book World*

"At once scholarly and briskly written, it captures both the period and the personality."
—James Atlas, author of *Delmore Schwartz: The Life of an American Poet*

Taken about the time Dreiser wrote *Sister Carrie*
Photo: Theodore Dreiser Collection, Dept. of Special Collections, Van Pelt Library, University of Pennsylvania

THEODORE DREISER
Volume I
AT THE GATES OF THE CITY
1871–1907
Richard Lingeman

Photographs, notes, bibliography & index. Now at bookstores
G.P. PUTNAM'S SONS
A Member of the Putnam Publishing Group

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

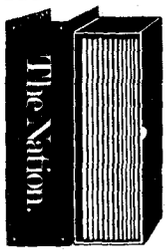
Fidel Castro: Nothing Can Stop the Course of History

Interview by Jeffrey M. Elliot and Mervyn M. Dymally

"... the longest and most wide-ranging interview ever conducted with Cuban President Fidel Castro. In it, Castro speaks directly to the people of the United States on questions of vital importance ..." *from the preface by Congressman Mervyn M. Dymally*

- U.S.-Cuban relations
- Soviet Union and Afghanistan
- drug-trafficking and Cuba
- Cuban troops in Africa
- 1988 Olympics in Korea
- U.S. invasion of Grenada
- economic crisis and revolution in Latin America

258 pp. Photographs. $7.95 paper
Available at your bookstore or by mail ($.75 postage).
Pathfinder Press
410 West St., New York, N.Y. 10014



SAVE THE NATION

Organize and protect your back copies in Nation cases or binders, covered in red leatherette with a gold Nation logo. 1 case or 1 binder holds 6 months (1 volume) of The Nation.

Cases $7.95, 3 for $21.95, 6 for $39.95.
Binders $9.95, 3 for $27.95, 6 for $52.95.

Mail to: The Nation, Jesse Jones Industries, Dept. N, 499 E. Erie Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19134

I would like ____ cases; ____ binders

Enclosed is my check for $_____. Add $1 per unit postage/handling. Outside U.S. $2.50 per unit.

Major credit cards accepted for orders over $15. To charge call toll free 1-800-972-5858.

Name _____

Address _____
(NO P.O. BOXES PLEASE)

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Payment in U.S. funds. PA residents add 6% sales tax.
Satisfaction guaranteed. 8645

remains anonymous, and moves in a vaguely European, but unspecified, setting, throughout *The Enchanter*.

Lolita begins with a celebrated apostrophe to its elusive eponym by playing on her name:

> Lolita, light of my life, fire of my loins. My sin, my soul. Lo-lee-ta: the tip of the tongue taking a trip of three steps down the palate to tap, at three, on the teeth. Lo. Lee. Ta.

("Oh, my Lolita," Humbert later laments, "I have only words to play with!") However, the *fille fatale* of *Ur-Lolita* is given neither a name nor a nationality. *The Enchanter* is *Lolita* without first-person narration, without the landscape of American popular culture, without Clare Quilty, without the inventive brio and without the exquisite tragicomedy.

What the two works do have in common is the once risqué, now reprobate theme of child molestation. And, though one was written in English and the other, Dmitri asserts, in Russian, they share the language of the baroque. When Vladimir Nabokov advertised the lost Russian novella to Putnam's as "a beautiful piece of Russian prose, precise and lucid," he was being arch in hopes of a contractual triumph. At least in its English version, which offers us "fleeting glimpses of incidental ephemera," *The Enchanter* is too finely nuanced even to be clear. Niceties of style prevent us from ascertaining essential facts of the plot, like what exactly is the dire fate that befalls our girl-crazy protagonist when, surprised in sin, he rushes barefoot out into the street. We do not even know his occupation except that it is "a refined, precise, and rather lucrative profession" and "a limpid, elegant profession." He is given "the keen eye of an appraiser of facets and reflections," but that could as easily make him an author of Nabokovian prose as a jeweler.

It is odd that though Nabokov, in "On a Book Entitled *Lolita*," said of its Russian prototype that "I was not pleased with the thing and destroyed it sometime after moving to America in 1940," he suddenly, according to the letter reproduced in *The Enchanter*, found the manuscript on February 6, 1959, and offered it the same day for sale to Putnam's. According to Dmitri, his father never got around to sending them the work. It is also odd that Vladimir Nabokov claimed that "The first little throb of *Lolita* went through me late in 1939 or early in 1940 in Paris," when earlier, in *The Gift*, émigré landlord Boris Ivanovich Shchyogolev outlines this plot for a novel he would like to write:

> an old dog—but still in his prime, fiery, thirsting for happiness—gets to know a widow, and she has a daughter, still quite a little girl—you know what I mean—when nothing is formed yet but already she has a way of walking that drives you out of your mind—A slip of a girl, very fair, pale, with blue under the eyes—and of course she doesn't even look at the old goat. What to do? Well, not long thinking, he ups and marries the widow.

Even with pornographic parody like *Lolita*, Vladimir Nabokov will always be caveat for the masses. And the fastidious stylist who, in the foreword to *The Eye*, boasted that his books "are blessed by a total lack of social significance," will never be a favorite of those who regard fiction as an agent of social change. Asked about expatriate Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Nabokov always lauded the man's courage but maintained a discreet silence about his artistry.

When I taught in the Soviet Union, in 1980, Nabokov's work, especially *Lolita*, was, though proscribed, widely known and admired. Last summer, for the first time since his permanent exile, Nabokov was published legally in his native land when an excerpt from *Speak, Memory* appeared in *64*, a chess mag-

When drafting your will, please consider making a bequest to *The Nation*.

For information write or call: Office of the Publisher, *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011 (212) 242-8400.

Join the Nation Associates, a group of loyal and committed *Nation* readers who provide invaluable support for the magazine through annual contributions of $20 or more. Membership includes "The Nation Associate," a newsletter that tells you what's going on behind the scenes at *The Nation*, and invitations to many *Nation*-sponsored events.

For further information write or call Nancy Bacher, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011, (212) 242-8400. Make checks payable to The Nation Associates.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

azine. I suspect that a Russian edition of *The Enchanter* will have to wait even longer than did its English version.

I eagerly await Dmitri Nabokov's next book. □

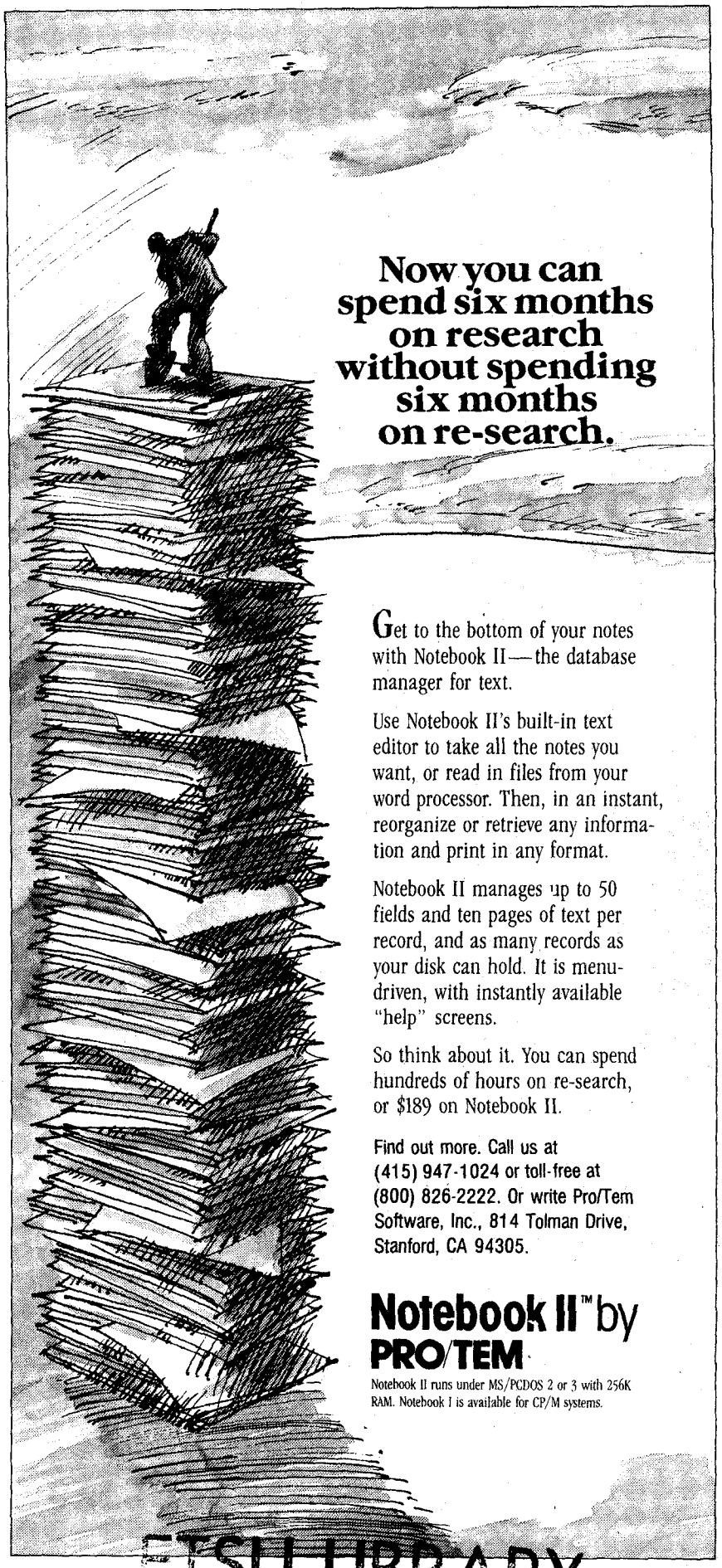
ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

John Singer Sargent

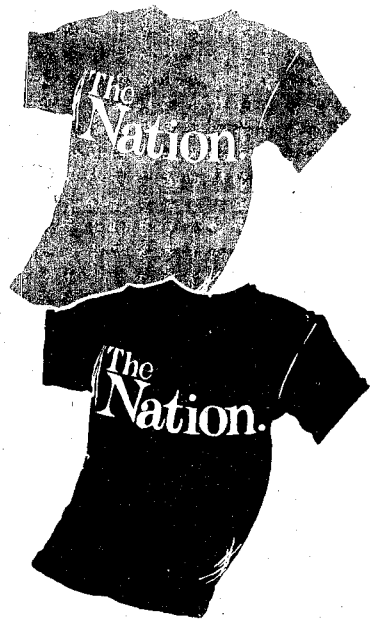
Visiting the galleries of Baroque painting at the Metropolitan Museum of Art one afternoon, some friends and I paused before Rubens's portrait of himself with his family, and reminded one another of what a remarkable man he was. A painter of stupefying energy and force, he ran a workshop, listened to music as he painted, did the classical scholarship for cycles of paintings that required erudite references, conversed easily in six languages and discharged ambassadorial missions of great delicacy—his second wife, Helen Fourment, was delivered of his last child nine months after his death. One of my companions, the painter David Reed, said, meditatively, that most artists he knows strive to emulate Van Gogh: "Maybe we ought to try to be like Rubens instead."

I thought then of the balm it would bring those artists, uneasy with their intact ears and stubborn sanity, if they were to embrace an alternative model of the artist as cultivated, emotionally secure and at home in the world. Not even the disappearance of acceptably marginal real estate from our centers of art is likely to dissolve the mandatory artistic persona of the romantic misfit and lunatic genius. So if we use Van Gogh and Rubens as taxonomic markers, the few artists who volunteer for inclusion in the latter's class must resist considerable peer pressure and face accusations of shallowness and *embourgeoisement*. John Singer Sargent was among the unabashed Rubenses of art: urbane, polyglot, at home with the milords and millionaires from whose portraits—and those of their families and mistresses— he earned a handsome living; an extrovert, diner-out, clubman, traveler, marvelous musician and intellectual of sorts, unmarked to a singular degree by the darker passions or stronger drives of the acceptable


Now you can spend six months on research without spending six months on re-search.
Get to the bottom of your notes with Notebook II—the database manager for text.
Use Notebook II's built-in text editor to take all the notes you want, or read in files from your word processor. Then, in an instant, reorganize or retrieve any information and print in any format.
Notebook II manages up to 50 fields and ten pages of text per record, and as many records as your disk can hold. It is menu-driven, with instantly available "help" screens.
So think about it. You can spend hundreds of hours on re-search, or $189 on Notebook II.
Find out more. Call us at (415) 947-1024 or toll-free at (800) 826-2222. Or write Pro/Tem Software, Inc., 814 Tolman Drive, Stanford, CA 94305.
Notebook II™ by PRO/TEM
Notebook II runs under MS/PCDOS 2 or 3 with 256K RAM. Notebook I is available for CP/M systems.

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LE ROUGE ET LE NOIR!



Nation T-shirts are available in either le classique red or le basic black. Both T-shirts are 100 percent cotton with white lettering. "The Nation" is printed on the front and "Since 1865" on the back.

Cost **$9.95*** each, postpaid.

Special discount for les holidays
3 or more, $7.95 each

Delivery in two weeks.

Please send me ____ red T-shirts in the following sizes __S, __M, __L, __XL.

Please send me ____ black T-shirts in the following sizes __S, __M, __L, __XL.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

Send orders to: The Nation, Box RN, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

*New York residents add appropriate sales tax. Foreign orders add 33 percent. Checks/money orders payable to The Nation.

RN8645

bohemian. His life, with some exceptions, was a succession of successes, and reviewers of a recent biography seem uniformly resentful of a man who made it through life as an artist without much spiritual agony or material want, and who even died, painlessly, in his sleep. Against the psychopathology of the artistic spirit as we expect it to be lived out, Sargent seems to have been too happy to have been deep.

Still, those who hold briefs for the artistic benignity of suffering might ponder the fact that Sargent's one salient episode of serious reversal—the outrage that his great portrait of Madame Pierre Gautreau (*Madame X*) aroused when exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1884—had just the opposite effect on his career. The brilliant society portraits with which he will be eternally associated came after that, when he removed himself from France and set up as a sort of superficial Impressionist in England. Up to that critical moment he was a child of fortune but a very deep painter indeed, and on the basis of what he achieved in the early 1880s he might have gone on to be very great as well. The wonderfully opportune exhibition of the many sides and phases of his teeming achievement at the Whitney Museum of American Art (until January 4, and at the Art Institute of Chicago from February 7 until April 19) offers us a singular opportunity to test our theories of the uses of adversity.

Sargent was trained, as it were, to be an old master. The old master style works from halftones backward to darks and forward to lights which, against the somber tonalities of the canvas, acquire a diamantine luminescence. Think, as example, of Rembrandt, in whose paintings a metaphysically brilliant light splits darkness like a sword and at the same time vests forms with such radiance that it is as though they were redeemed by some holy intervention and touched with grace. Each canvas executes a metaphor of redemption from shadow to light—as if the biblical moment when darkness was lifted from the face of the waters were miraculously re-enacted in each biblical episode Rembrandt painted—and even secular episodes take on a kind of biblical intensity. The same amazing light defines special forms against the surrounding darknesses in the painting of Velázquez, and it was Velázquez above all whom Sargent, like the other students in the atelier of the fashionable portraitist Carolus-Duran, was encouraged to emulate. "Velázquez, Velázquez, Velázquez," Carolus-Duran said, "Study Velázquez without respite!" Sargent's first great works—I think, in fact, his greatest works—were done in that mood of darkness slashed and split by light that re-creates the inner force of the Spanish master. These were done in the early 1880s, in Venice, and in terms of their bravura and poetry they are among the most compelling paintings I know. One of them, the *Venetian Interior* of 1880 (or 1882, these works being evidently difficult to date with precision) has obsessed me since I first saw it, at the Clark Art Institute in Williamstown, Massachusetts, partly because of its depth and partly because of the disparity in depth between this early masterpiece and that of the familiar florid portraits through which we mainly know him.

The interior of *Venetian Interior*, as in the other paintings from the brief remarkable period, is a wide corridor that recedes sharply to a back wall where, through a doorway or grilled window, an intense outdoor light is revealed. The interior space seems to have a gentle phosphorescence of its own: the mauve and silver halftones give it a certain submarine quality, perhaps referring to the watery essence of the city of canals and lagoons, and the light is seen as through water. Within these dramatic spaces, shawled women sit, working at monotonous tasks such as bead stringing; or stroll, waving fans; or cluster in intimate groups, exchanging gossip. Doors open on either side, and, somewhat mysteriously, the walls are hung with pictures, as if the spaces had the architectural identity of galleries and the social function of waiting places for slender courtesans. In one of these pictures, a woman looks boldly out at the viewer, as if at a reluctant patron. There is throughout a subdued, suffused but unmistakable eroticism. Because the spaces have a light that is quiet in comparison with the enveloping light we see through the apertures, they seem enclaves of shadow in a world of radiance. This gives them their intimacy and their mystery. In a way, the interiors seem near of architectural kin to Velázquez's studio, as we know it from *Las Meninas*, where, as here, an opened door in the back wall allows in an abrupt golden light, as opposed to the white and mineral light with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which Sargent invades his cavernous corridors.

These are not, of course, self-portraits in any obvious sense, but Sargent is present through the bravura of his touches. In the Clark's *Venetian Interior* a blade of light crosses the floor with incredible velocity. In the Carnegie Institute's *Venetian Interior* a flat blade of light is laid in a single sweep, while a vertical flash summons the face of a heavy Venetian chest out of the darkness. In the *Venetian Bead Stringers* three horizontal slabs of light constitute openings on the left; six vertical slashes cut a grille into the outer sky. Sargent is inside and outside at once, not part of the reality depicted but present in the depicting, where we are aware of his astonishing brio. The poetry comes from the desire to be inside among the women. In the *Sulphur Match*, from 1882, a tipsy Venetian leans her chair precariously against a wall, having let a goblet crash at her feet, while Sargent lights her dark partner's cigar (or pipe?) with a single flash of blazing white. The girl is unimpressed by this; Sargent is an intruder, hopelessly alien in this world he can only make visible. It is difficult to imagine a more vivid example of artistic alienation.

Sargent had the ambitions of a Jamesian hero: he wanted to be great as well as successful in worldly terms, which, in the economics of the time, required portraying the rich and powerful. And in his great portrait *Madame X*, he came close to achieving some of the erotic profundity of the Venetian interiors and making a fine fee. This time, of course, he and the subject were of the same world, and there is a familiarity, an intimacy, an almost conversational ease, implied in the relationship between the master painter and the great beauty he depicts. Madame Gautreau, like Sargent an expatriated American, had made it to the top through her wit, her looks and her social strategy. Sargent portrays her as a creature of tense elegance, with a profile as sharp and precise as if carved out of some hard, brittle material: the pink ear conveys the cameo intentions in her outlined features. She wears the crescent-shaped tiara of Diana the huntress; she is a woman of predatory sensuality, whose black velvet décolleté and lifted flounce is her *costume de chasse*. The costume is as witty as her sly nose and brilliant as her gemstones. The painting provoked a scandal when first exhibited in Paris.

south end press

beauty secrets

women and the politics of appearance

wendy chapkis

Beauty Secrets looks at beauty and ugliness, racism and beauty standards, the role of class and economics in shaping images of beauty, and lessons learned from gender outlaws. Includes interviews, photos, and controversies.

"a complex, absolutely original analysis...as beautiful as it is serious."
—*Barbara Ehrenreich*

214 pp. $8.50

Available at bookstores or from South End Press, 116 St. Botolph St., Boston, MA 02115. Add $1.50 postage for one book, plus 50¢ for each additional book.

"If I Grow Up..."

At St. Jude Children's Research Hospital, we're fighting to put an end to childhood cancer. Our goal is to reach a day when every child can play "grown-up", and later see it become reality.

To find out how you can help, write to St. Jude, 505 N. Parkway, Memphis, TN 38105.

ST. JUDE CHILDREN'S RESEARCH HOSPITAL
Danny Thomas, Founder

Expanded to Cover the Gorbachev Period

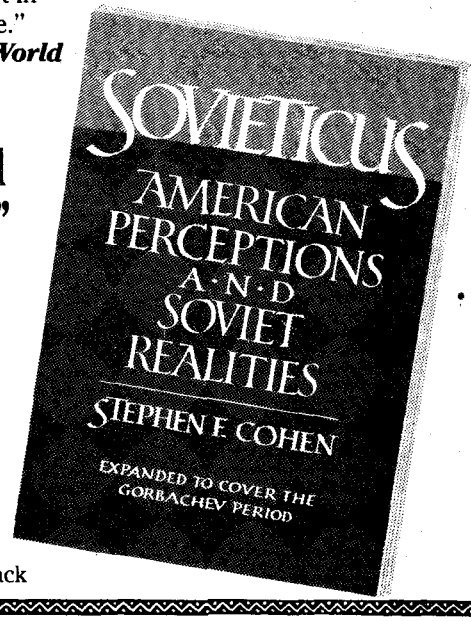
"Cohen ranks as one of America's foremost commentators on Soviet affairs.

His columns [in this book]...often open up small windows on the Soviet world, let in light, expose corners before kept in darkness by ignorance or prejudice."
—***Washington Post Book World***

"A model of scholarly journalism, sound and wonderfully readable."
—***Publishers Weekly***

"*Sovieticus* is the most balanced and perceptive commentary on the Soviet Union that I have read in a long time

...Indispensable."
—**George McGovern**



Now at bookstores. $7.95, paperback

NORTON
W.W. Norton & Company, Inc. 500 Fifth Ave. New York 10110

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The reasons are obscure, but rather than culminating the efforts of a decade in a searing success, Sargent created a furor the like of which had not been seen since Manet exhibited his notorious *Olympia*. (I am touched that Sargent, together with Claude Monet, headed a private subscription to purchase Manet's masterpiece for an ungrateful French state: *Olympia* was not shown until 1917, and Sargent kept *Madame X* in his studio until 1905, twenty-one years after the debacle.) As a result, Sargent cut his ties with Paris, where the great promise of the Venetian years might have been fulfilled, and removed himself to England, which has been an artistic backwater at the best of times. There he turned into a rather superficial artist, the maker of dazzling portraits and dubious Impressionist studies. He tried to make contact with some deeper source of artistic meaning when he undertook the mural cycle for the Boston Public Library. But all light has fled from these turgid works; one feels, for all the glamour of his career, that he had made a profound mistake. The subjects of tragedies can also live happily ever after, the tragedy consisting in just that.

Sargent never lost the Velázquez touch, which is there for us to marvel at in the gallery of stunning portraits that is the heart of the show (even if a heart worn on the sleeve). I had the pleasure of Patricia Hills's company in walking through the exhibition on my second visit—Hills organized the show and edited the catalogue to which she also contributed some fine essays—and together we responded to the authority with which Sargent transacted a lavender sash or evoked a bow out of a few curls and dabs of white paint. No one alive today could show the flesh through thin fabric as in his portrait of Lady Agnew's left arm. No one alive today could, as in a scene of Venetian glass blowers, drag a brush across the canvas so that each bristle picks out a separate rod, and we see brushstroke and rod bundle in a single glance. Of Velázquez, Sir Kenneth Clark once wrote:

> I would start from as far away as possible, when the illusion was complete, and come gradually nearer, until suddenly what had been a hand, and a ribbon and a piece of velvet dissolved into a fricassée of beautiful brushstrokes. I thought I might learn something if I could catch the moment at which this transformation took place, but it proved to be as elusive as the moment between sleeping and waking.

The elusive moment is that of the boundary between matter and art, perhaps between body and mind. But you can have that experience over and over in the work of Sargent. He really had the divine prerogative of lifting life out of paint with the turn of his amazing wrist, and it is, I think, a lost art. There is no Carolus-Duran any longer to teach us how. Spend some time studying the buckle on the belt of Mrs. I.N. Phelps Stokes, from 1897. And contemplate her white skirt, which falls in heavy folds to the ground. Sargent is said to have painted it over seventeen times, according to Hills.

But there is none of the poetry that left the work after the fiasco with Madame Gautreau's portrait, and that is so palpable a substance in the Venetian interiors that you will want to return to them again and again. Except for the portraits, in the years after 1884 the work seems to me dry and flat. Sargent tried Impressionism, but that is not a country for old masters, and I feel he had no internal understanding of what revolutions in touch and vision Impressionism implied. His watercolors have the look of examples of how to do watercolors, and if one did not know them to be by Sargent, one would suppose them resurrected from the annual of some provincial watercolor society. It was a style of depositing wash on paper that others could and did acquire. I find his drawings equally dry, for all the certitude of touch and his perfect draughtsmanly control. In none of the work after 1884 do we sense any urgency of feeling or the presence of a soul.

What we sense, only, is the presence of a great arm, a genius wrist, the dazzle of a virtuoso performer executing, as on a violin, a composition written in order to make virtuosity possible—where the piece is finally about the playing of it by the rare talents capable of doing so in public, with confidence and flourish and flash. There are those who think that painting is what painting is all about, and for them Sargent should be the paradigm artist. I am not one who thinks that, but there is enough of what art is about on my view of it to make this exhibition a joy as well as a moral puzzle. If nothing else there is the pleasure of the menagerie, in which

THE WORKINGMAN'S BIRD

Woolworth parakeet, your green breast,
gaudy as a Christmas corsage, is all
he believes of paradise. Your wings
promise nothing. You never sing. Still
he loves you.

You peck Hart's birdseed with a stingy beak,
shit on last week's headlines, peer down
through two stout bars. You're nuzzling
pumice when he comes home. His whistle
inflates the coffee table cage where you

shimmy sideways along the wooden perch,
puffing, preening your chartreuse.
He's speaking to you, calling you
by name: *Icarus*, softly, *Icarus*.
Now he lifts the wired front door

and your toes, matchsticks, curl
around one fleshy finger.
Your heart beats against his thumb
as you glide out. You could be
a falcon on his hand.

He lowers you, level with his nose
and sighs tobacco. You stare
as if you remembered rain.
He plumbs two agate eyes. You
do not blink.

Barbara Helfgott Hyett

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his lords and ladies, his flounced amazons, his opulent merchants and silken mistresses, his candy children and austere dowagers glare past us, as exotic specimens, from an upstairs our very downstairs antecedents could barely guess at. □

FILMS.

TERRENCE RAFFERTY

The Mosquito Coast

Paul Theroux's 1982 novel, *The Mosquito Coast*, probably looked as if it would make a terrific movie. The story of a New England crackpot named Allie Fox who, disenchanted with what he sees as America's softness and commercialism, takes his wife and four children off to live in the Central American jungle, seems to have everything: colorful settings, high adventure, family drama, the odd big idea about the state of civilization, and a fat, fat part for a male star. Director Peter Weir (*The Last Wave*, *The Year of Living Dangerously* and *Witness*), a specialist in exotic atmospheres and cultural conflicts, is, on the face of it, an ideal choice to dramatize the material. But somewhere between the idea and the reality, things went terribly wrong. Weir's movie is shapeless and confused, a bizarre amalgam of *The Swiss Family Robinson*, *Aguirre: The Wrath of God*, *The Shining* and Bergman's apocalyptic *Shame*—though less fun than that unholy stew of influences would suggest. In one of the big scenes the demented inventor Allie, who's constructed a gigantic, absurd machine for making ice in his adopted village of Jeronimo, organizes a party to transport a couple of small glaciers farther inland, confident of impressing the backward Indians in the heart of the jungle: by the time he gets there, though, all that's left of the Yankee miracle worker's product are sopping bags of water. Weir and his team, having sweated bullets lugging Theroux's characters and ideas onto the screen, must have discovered, too, that what they were carrying was more perishable than it seemed. In two arduous hours, *The Mosquito Coast* just melts to nothing in front of us.

The movie, in fact, is almost a textbook example of the dangers of literary adaptation. Weir and screenwriter Paul Schrader (who wrote *Taxi Driver* and *Raging Bull* and directed *Mishima*) are incredibly faithful to Theroux's story, but in a way that exposes the novel's weaknesses and buries its strengths. The book is, like most of Theroux's works, a tricky, intricately constructed narrative engine, more complicated than truly complex: he seems at times to be deliberately hiding the heart of his story among a mess of literary machinery. There's a scene in the book in which the narrator, Allie's 13-year-old son, Charlie, gets his first look at the inside of his father's ice factory, and it might be a description of the novel itself:

> This was Father's head, the mechanical part of his brain and the complications of his mind, as strong and huge and mysterious. It was all revealed to me, but there was too much of it, like a book page full of secrets, printed too small. . . . *Like the human body*, he had said—but this was the darkest part of his body, and in that darkness were the joints and brackets of his mind, a jungle of crooked iron, and paunchy tanks hanging on thin wires, and soldered-over scars, tubes like vines in monkey shadow, the weight of metal hoses forking to the ceiling, and everywhere the balance of small hinges.
>
> It made me dizzy. I could not understand enough of it to feel safe. I thought, You could die here, or—trapped inside—go crazy.

This is the novel's key passage, partly because of its dramatic function as the first indication of Charlie's doubts about his father's overbearing personality, and more importantly because of its thematic resonance. Just this once, Theroux connects the dots for us: Allie's mind is a jungle and so, for all its apparent ingenuity, is his invention and so is the book, and they're all traps. Only the jungle isn't a jungle; it's a metaphor, and not for the usual "primitive" impulses but for a kind of overelaborate rationality that turns the act of making connections into a dense, enveloping paranoia. The obvious echoes of Conrad in Theroux's book shouldn't throw us off: *The Mosquito Coast* is about the *head* of darkness.

That scene isn't in the movie. The filmmakers never show us the inner workings of Fat Boy (as Allie calls his invention), much less Charlie's reactions. They're not about to die or go crazy in there; they get trapped on the

SUBSCRIBING TO OUR PRINCIPLES ISN'T ENOUGH.

You should be subscribing to our magazine, too. Because *The Nation* brings you the likes of Alexander Cockburn, Stephen F. Cohen and Penny Lernoux in every issue. They're not only some of the best writers around—they do their best writing for us.

The Nation.

THE NATION
BOX 1953, MARION, OH 43305

YES! I WANT TO SUBSCRIBE TO YOUR MAGAZINE, TOO. Send me 24 issues of *The Nation* for $15, a savings of a full 50 percent off the newsstand price. I understand that I may cancel at any time and receive a refund for all unmailed copies.

NAME (Please Print)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

□ Double my savings. Send me a full year (47 issues) for $28.
□ My payment is enclosed—reward me with FOUR FREE ADDITIONAL ISSUES!
□ Please bill me later.

Add: Foreign postage: $4.50/24 issues; $9/one year. Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

D8645

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVENTS.

RICHARD FALK
discusses
New Social Movements
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 7PM
$15, includes home-cooked dinner!
Brecht Forum
151 W. 19th Street, 7th floor, New York City
Reserve now! (212) 989-6820.

WHAT'S HAPPENING?
Films on Contemporary Social and Political Issues.
Beyond Sorrow, Beyond Pain
Profile of a Swedish woman who must face the serious injury of a friend.
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 3 AND 6:30 PM
The Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street, New York City
Museum admission is on a pay-what-you-wish basis after 5 pm on Thursday.

The National PBS broadcast
of the film
BEFORE STONEWALL
The Making of a Gay and Lesbian Community
Produced by Robert Rosenberg, John Scagliotti and Greta Schiller
Narration by Rita Mae Brown
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 9 PM*
*To verify boradcast time check your local public television listing.

Premiere video showing of
RELIABILITY AND RISK:
COMPUTERS AND NUCLEAR WAR
Also, "What Is Professional Responsibility," an opinionated overview by Dr. Susan Merritt, Dean of Information Systems, Pace University.
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 7:30 PM
The New School, Swayduck Auditorium
Fifth Avenue and 14th Street, New York City
Admission free.

ITALY AND THE JEWS:
Instructions for the Fin de Siecle
An international conference on the role of the Jews in twentieth-century Italy.
With: Renzo De Felice, Aldo Rosselli, Dennis Mack Smith, Susan Sontag and historians from Italy, Israel and the United States.
WEDNESDAY TO FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10 TO 12
The three-day conference includes lectures, film and music programs held in Manhattan and Brooklyn. For schedule information call the Humanities Institute (718) 780-5847.
Sponsored by the Humanities Institute of Brooklyn College of the City of New York and the Italian Ministry of Foreign Affairs in conjunction with the Italian Cultural Institute of New York.

To place your event call
(212) 242-8400, ext. 26
$40 per column inch.

outside instead, hauling useless chunks of ice through the wilderness and looking increasingly foolish doing it. Schrader, in his screenplay, takes the easy, "professional" Hollywood route, zipping through the novel with an exacto knife, paring away everything but action and the odd clump of dialogue. What he's done isn't so much judicious pruning as it is defoliation: the story just stands there, totally naked, as if waiting for lightning to hit it. The way to turn this long novel into a trim, manageable script is perfectly obvious. All a lazy screenwriter has to do is cut out or shorten Allie's innumerable rants on history, engineering, ecology, economics, religion, the decline of America. These passages seem the products of the novelist's self-indulgence as much as the character's; Theroux luxuriates in the language of cracker-barrel theorizing and desperate self-justification, and it gets pretty exhausting for the reader. The problem is that Allie's monologues are all that keep the story from collapsing into nonsense. This narrative, after all, hangs on a very slender thread of credulity: it's quite a stretch to believe that Allie's family would follow this arrogant jerk, from hardship to blunders to utter catastrophe, with so little resistance. The baroque inventiveness and the sheer, numbing volume of Allie's soliloquies provide the only possible justification. His discourse is as tangled and oppressive as the jungle, and his family is as worn out by it as we are.

By stripping the novel of its dense verbal texture, Schrader and Weir draw attention to the thinness of the story, bringing all its flaws to light: the sketchy, indifferent characterizations of the younger Fox children, the natives of the Mosquito coast and, especially, Allie's long-suffering wife; the lack of surprise or tension in the action scenes; the essential monotony of the conception. But Theroux, in a way, has his revenge; the way the filmmakers have adapted his booby-trapped novel leaves them pretty exposed, too. If he'd set out explicitly to write a novel that would seduce this screenwriter and this director into disastrous and revealing follies, he couldn't have done a better job. Schrader's failure seems, in retrospect, inevitable. He doesn't see that the characters make no sense, because he's always thought that Allie Fox's sort of obsessive, relentless unpleasantness—like Jake La Motta's, like Mishima's—is interesting in itself, and that "normal" personalities are just dim satellites circling these incandescent madmen. And the material somehow brings out the worst in Weir too. He probably figured that the story didn't need to be any more convincing psychologically because it's some sort of allegory—of paternalism or American imperialism or Jim Jones or simply loud white guys screwing up in mysterious, primitive cultures. Weir's had a tendency in the past to confuse his filmmaking gifts—which run to moody stillness and languorous apprehension—with a capacity for spiritual insight, and his narrative sense has always been weak. *The Mosquito Coast* won't support the kind of semimystical generalization that Weir is fond of: the novel works a lot better as an intimate study of family dynamics, of the ways in which children get caught up in their parents' assumptions, than as a culture-clash parable. Weir rushes through the plot, skimping details and abstracting the story, without seeming to know whether he's streamlining for action-movie pace or for stark, mythic power. In any event, the movie has neither.

It isn't the actors' fault that they're unable to make any impression in this material. Harrison Ford as Allie, Helen Mirren as his wife and River Phoenix as Charlie clearly never had a chance: they're playing premises rather than characters, so they all look miscast. (Only Martha Plimpton, in a tiny comic role as a missionary's randy teenybopper daughter, manages to be convincing.) After a while, we get the uncomfortable sense that the making of *The Mosquito Coast* was a process of embodying the novel rather than interpreting it—everyone applying their ingenuity and know-how to making the damn thing work and coming up empty-handed, defeated by something they don't quite understand. The things that happen to moviemakers when they venture into the alien territory of the literary mind (even a minor one like Theroux's) are at least as weird and humbling as what's supposed to happen to white men in the jungle. It's not that they shouldn't make the attempt; they just have to be very sure they know what they're getting into and how to adapt. And they should beware of tricksters like Paul Theroux, offering their fat novels like visions of refreshment. *The Mosquito Coast* must have looked mighty good, that glass of Kool-Aid with the big ice cube in it. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

While we reserve the right to refuse any advertisement that we believe to be fraudulent, illegal or offensive, The Nation *wishes its readers to know: a) we do not have the facilities to check out the promises made by our advertisers; and b) we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

SABBATICAL SUBLET: Seeking a quiet, responsible cat/plant lover. Brownstone floor-through in Jersey City, 15 minutes NYC. Low rent, nice neighbors. January to June. Nation Box 205.

APARTMENT SUBLET. Comfortable studio. Couple O.K. Upper East Side. Available December 15, 3 to 4 weeks. $600. Call and leave message (212) 289-9135.

BOOKLETS

SCHOLARLY BOOKLET PROVES JESUS NEVER EXISTED!

Conclusive proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, authored Gospels. AMAZING but **ABSOLUTELY INCONTROVERTIBLE!** Send $4 to Abelard Reuchlin Foundation, Box 5652-B, Kent WA 98064. SASE for details.

BOOKS

ENVIRONMENTAL BANKS keep money clean. Paperback explains. $3. Philip Marden, Highwood-Easton Avenue, Somerset, NJ 08873.

DEADLOCK AT WALLA WALLA. Underground prison exposé tells it all. 327 pages. Send $9.95 to: Somerton Press, Box 1746, Somerton, AZ 85350.

C.L.R. JAMES: "Every Cook Can Govern" and "What Is Happening Every Day: 1985 Coversations." $2.50. New Mississippi, Inc., Box 3586, Jackson, MS 39207.

THE X-RATED BIBLE reveals all the filth in the Christian Bible. It's a great tool to counter censors. 456 pp. $9 postpaid. American Atheist Press, Box 2117, Austin, TX 78768.

BOOK SEARCH SERVICE

FREE BOOK SEARCH by specialist bookfinder. Send titles: Continental Book Search, Box 1163-N, New York, NY 10009.

BOOKSTORES

". . . yours is the best used-book shop in the country—truly!"

—Michael Lowy, author of *The Politics of Combined & Uneven Development* and *The Marxism of Che Guevara.*

When in Los Angeles come by and browse or send for a free mail-order catalogue of selected new titles in theory, literary criticism, history, media, Third World studies and more. **Bookworks,** 3517 Centinela Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90066.

COOKING

HEAVEN MEETS EARTH in your mouth. Needing unusual holiday gifts? Java Sauce® is a ready-to-use, spicy Indonesian peanut sauce. Tastes great on stir-fried vegetables, meats, sandwiches, salads. Recipes included. $1 for sample; $6 for 9.5-ounce jar; $11 for 2 jars, postpaid. Multnomah Supplies, Box 15309 Dept. TN, Portland, OR 97215.

COUNSELING

WOMAN PSYCHOTHERAPIST, 19 years experience, Ph.D. in clinical psychology. Insight-oriented and analytic. Crisis intervention; short-term; long-term intensive psychoanalytic approach. Free consultation. Sliding scale. Carnegie Hall vicinity, New York City. (212) 582-5508.

PERSONAL PROBLEMS? Caring, mature psychotherapist will help resolve them. Short-term treatment when possible. Sliding scale. (212) 466-6775.

NEURO-LINGUISTIC PROGRAMMING, an alternative to endless, unproductive, boring psychotherapy. Call David Fitelson, Ph.D. (212) 475-0237.

EDUCATION

STUDY SPANISH IN NICARAGUA

Four hours of classes daily, meetings with political leaders, family living and community work. Monthly entry dates.

Casa Nicaraguense de Espanol. 853 Broadway, Room 1105, New York, NY 10003. (212) 777-1197. Spaces still available for 8/25 & 9/22 classes.

GAMES & PUZZLES

101 PET NAMES with references that can help in popular trivia game, $2 SASE: Pet Names, Box 27726, Indianapolis, IN 46227.

GIFTS

CAT LOVERS Against the Bomb Wall Calendar $7 postpaid. Nebraskans for Peace, 430 S. 16th, Lincoln, NE 68508.

GENITALIA POSTER depicts male organs of 12 animals, from man to whale. Scientific but funny. $10: Poster C, Box 1348, New York, NY 10025.

HEALTH

DIET ANALYZER. Is your diet safe, effective? Computerized analysis lists specific problems, makes recommendations. Free details. StyleArt, 2126 Fairway, Suite 60, Atlanta, GA 30319.

INSURANCE

RWP/SHAFFER ASSOCIATES
INSURANCE AND FINANCIAL SERVICES
Specialists in Pension & Employee Benefit Planning
11 GRACE AVENUE, Great Neck, NY 11021
718-895-7005, 516-466-4642

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS, IDEAS, technology wanted! Call free 1-800-528-6050. Canada, 1-800-528-6060, ext. 831.

MERCHANDISE

STRESS-LESS credit card size stress level detector. Includes relaxation techniques. You owe it to yourself. Give it to your friends. $3.50 postpaid. Trout Transactions, 91 Lower Falls Creek, Elma, WA 98541.

OFFICES

GOOD-SIZED OFFICE/WORK SPACE available for progressive organization, filmmaker, graphic artist. Excellent City Hall area location. $625. Call Health/PAC (212) 267-8890.

ORGANIZATIONS

NATIONAL WRITERS UNION. Collective bargaining. Grievance procedures. Health insurance. Journalists, authors, poets, commercial writers. National Writers Union, Box C, 13 Astor Place, New York, NY 10003.

WOULD YOU LIKE to be more closely involved with The Nation? Join The Nation Associates and get behind the scenes at America's oldest weekly journal of opinion. Call Nancy Bacher (212) 242-8400.

PERSONALS

PERSONALS ADVERTISERS

A Nation box number and weekly forwarding service is available for a one-time $5 charge added to the cost of your classified ad.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS for all cultured singles, 3,000 members. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039 or call (215) 358-5049.

CONCERNED SINGLES NEWSLETTER links compatible, peace-oriented singles, all areas. Free sample: Box 7737-A, Berkeley, CA 94707

SEARCHING for in-depth woman, respect for mind/body. 40 plus. Nation Box 180.

DWM, 37, well-preserved, literate, humorous, ethical, seeking fairly nonmaterialistic, intelligent, active, not unattractive woman for friendship; romance, hopefully for rest of lifetime. Chicago area. Nation Box 177.

BEAUTIFUL, SWEET, professional SJW, 33, seeks courtly, compassionate, progressive SJM, 30 to 40, for committed relationship. Nation Box 181.

SWM 36, I've been waiting for you, and you've been coming to me for such a long time now. I've used the time to build a lovely house and gardens here in Ithaca, New York. I want to be healthy and happy. How about you? Kids are alright. Nation Box 182.

LOVELY, LIVELY, MANHATTANITE DWF, 50s. Professional with creative bent, humanistic, witty, romantic, varied cultural, outdoor interests seeks nonsmoking, educated, intelligent, successful, attractive, kind, giving male counterpart 50s to 60s. Nation Box 174.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

PERSONALS

SW IN HER SIXTIES, slim, energetic, no ethnic/racial barriers, seeks left-wing intellectual man to share interests in arts, countryside, political activism. Write Nation Box 175.

ARTISTICALLY INVOLVING, psychologically resolving, spiritually evolving. Pert, playful, perceptive, SWF, Manhattanite, 48, seeks sensitive, smoking-free, sane swain as accomplice for abundant adventure. Nation Box 168.

SF BAY AREA DWM, 50, professional, healthy, attractive. Seeks woman, any race, intellectual, sense of humor, varied interests in sports, outdoors, things literate, home (partial list). Friendship first. Photo helpful. Box 7681, Berkeley, CA 94707.

SENIOR MALE, activist, youthful, fit, discreet, will share loving intellectual and intimate encounters with uninhibited, slender woman, any age. New Jersey only. Nation Box 183.

SWM, 38, well-built, left-wing inactivist sans TV. Enjoy theater, jazz, literature, biking. New York sense of humor. Seek physically fit woman. DC area. Nation Box 184.

If responding to a Nation box number *send replies to:* Nation Box _____, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

Engineers, Technicians, Businesspeople, Computer Professionals, Mechanics, etc.,
NICARAGUA NEEDS YOU!
Volunteers are urgently needed for 2-week training and consulting positions in various governmental and non-governmental agencies. Trips leave every month. Please contact:
tecNICA, Dept. N, 2727 College Avenue
Berkeley, CA 94705 415-848-0292

ALTERNATIVE JOBS/INTERNSHIPS! Environmental, women's rights, disarmament, media, health, community organizing, and more. Monthly nationwide listings, $9/6 issues. COMMUNITY JOBS, Box 1105N, 1319 18th Street N.W., Washington DC 20036.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

EDITORS, WRITERS, ORGANIZERS, business managers, promotion specialists. Nonprofit research and advocacy organization which publishes a number of magazines, newsletters, books and reports. Founded by Ralph Nader, based in Washington, DC. Salary negotiable. Send resume and references to: Louis Nemeth, Box 19367, Washington, DC 20036.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR. National nonprofit health-oriented advocacy organization seeks executive director for affiliate coordination, program planning, fundraising and administration. In San Francisco. $20,000 plus, depending on experience. Send resume by December 31 to D.E.S. Action, 2845 24th Street, San Francisco, CA 94110.

GOVERNMENT JOBS $16,040-$59,230 per year. Now hiring. Call (805) 687-6000 ext. R-3596 for current federal list.

PUBLICATIONS

TECHNOCRACY-TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN *available for $2 from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.*

SMALL TOWN, the voice of small town America. Articles on planning, preservation, attracting industry, housing, shopping malls, central business district improvement and other matters of interest to small communities. Individual membership in The Small Town Institute, $30. Box 517, Ellensburg, WA 98926. Just out, "Promoting the Arts in Small Communities," $6. Special prices for bulk orders.

THE GLOBAL CORPORATIST. Restructuring for permanent peace and universal affluence. Box 2025, Gaithersburg, MD 20879.

THE PEOPLE. Marxist biweekly. Since 1891. 4 months/$1. 1 year/$4. The People (N), Box 50218, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

WOMEN'S REVIEW OF BOOKS, monthly review of current feminist writing. Subscriptions: $14/U.S., $17/Canada. $25/Institutions. Free sample issue on request. Dept. NA, Women's Review, Wellesley Women's Research Center, Wellesley, MA 02181.

PUBLICATIONS

CHESS, STONEHENGE, METAPHYSICS. Astonishing interrelationships. Promote enlightenment. $10: Chess Study, 1226 Haight, San Francisco, CA 94117.

WOMEN'S STUDIES IN WESTERN EUROPE: A RESOURCE GUIDE, includes 80-page directory of bookstores, libraries, etc. $18. ACRL Publications, American Library Association, 50 E. Huron Street, Chicago, IL 60611.

The Nation's 120th Anniversary Issue

LOOKING AT THE UNITED STATES

With contributions from Margaret Atwood, Abolhassan Bani-Sadr, Benazir Bhutto, Willy Brandt, E.L. Doctorow, Slavenka Drakulich, Rachel Eytan, Carlos Fuentes, Christopher Hitchens, George Konrad, Jack Lang, Penny Lernoux, Michael Manley, Wang Meng, Margaret Chant Papandreou, Salman Rushdie, E.P. Thompson, Gore Vidal and Yevgeny Yevtushenko.

Plus "The History of The Nation According to the F.B.I." by Penn Kimball.

$4 each. $2.50 each for orders of 10 or more. Send order (with payment) to Attn: 120th, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

New York residents add appropriate sales tax.

REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT HOMES FROM $1. (U repair). Delinquent tax property. Repossessions. Call (805) 687-6000, ext GH-3596 for current repo list.

SUMMER CAMPS

Happiness is a FARM & WILDERNESS SUMMER CAMP

IN VERMONT

- Six camps (even one for parents)
- Boys, girls & coed ages 9-17
- Safe, rugged adventure: hiking, canoeing, organic gardens, animals, sailing & more
- 4 & 8 week sessions
- Down-to-earth skills

Multi-racial Quaker camps since 1939

For information write or call:
Helen H. Richards
Farm & Wilderness Camps
Plymouth, VT 05056 (802) 422-3761

TRAVEL

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES Employment, living, study, independent travel: bimonthly resource guide. Ten-year index $1. Abroad, Box 344, NA-2, Amherst, MA 01004.

ROAM THE WORLD BY FREIGHTER, facts, destinations, recommendations on unusual cruising. TravLtips, Box 188U7A, Flushing, NY 11358.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates: $1 per word, 15-word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words, abbreviations and zip codes as one. Classified Display: $45 per column inch.

Deadline: Wednesday, 17 days prior to Saturday issue date.

Discounts: Pay for 3 runs, get 1 more free. Pay for 7 runs, 3 more free. Pay for 15 runs, 10 more free.

To: THE NATION
Classified Department
72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., NY 10011

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for ____ weeks, plus ____ weeks free.

Advertiser _____

Address _____ City _____

State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

Attach ad, typewritten if possible.

Payment must accompany order. **Payment in U.S. currency.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRAVEL

NICARAGUA. People-to-people, one-week trip delegations from Los Angeles and San Francisco areas, or join us in Mexico City. Next departure January 16. Information: Office of the Americas, 1227 4th Street, Santa Monica, CA 90401. (213) 451-2428.

T-SHIRTS

THE BILL OF RIGHTS T-SHIRT

First Ten Amendments to the Constitution screened on a Quality T-Shirt
WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE
CORONA GRAPHICS
DEPT. 10
395 RIVER ROAD
BOX 1084
E. LIVERPOOL, OHIO 43920

SPECIAL
2 For $13.95 PPD!
$9.95 Each PPD.
Red/White/U. Blue/Yellow
S/M/L/XL
Visa & MC

HANG ON HOOK UP
QUALITY T-SHIRTS
Designs for our times that say it up front!
Hand screened
Non-toxic water base inks
Heavyweight Cotton
Write for Free Brochure!
HANG ON-HOOK UP
Box 2869 dept.n-PETALUMA, CA.94953-2869

The Nation T-shirt is a fashionable way to make a statement. Black or Red T-shirt, both with white lettering, all cotton. S,M,L and XL. $9.95 each (includes postage). **If ordering as a gift,** enclose a card and we will send it along. Mail check or money order to The Nation Fashion Mart, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (New York residents add sales tax.)

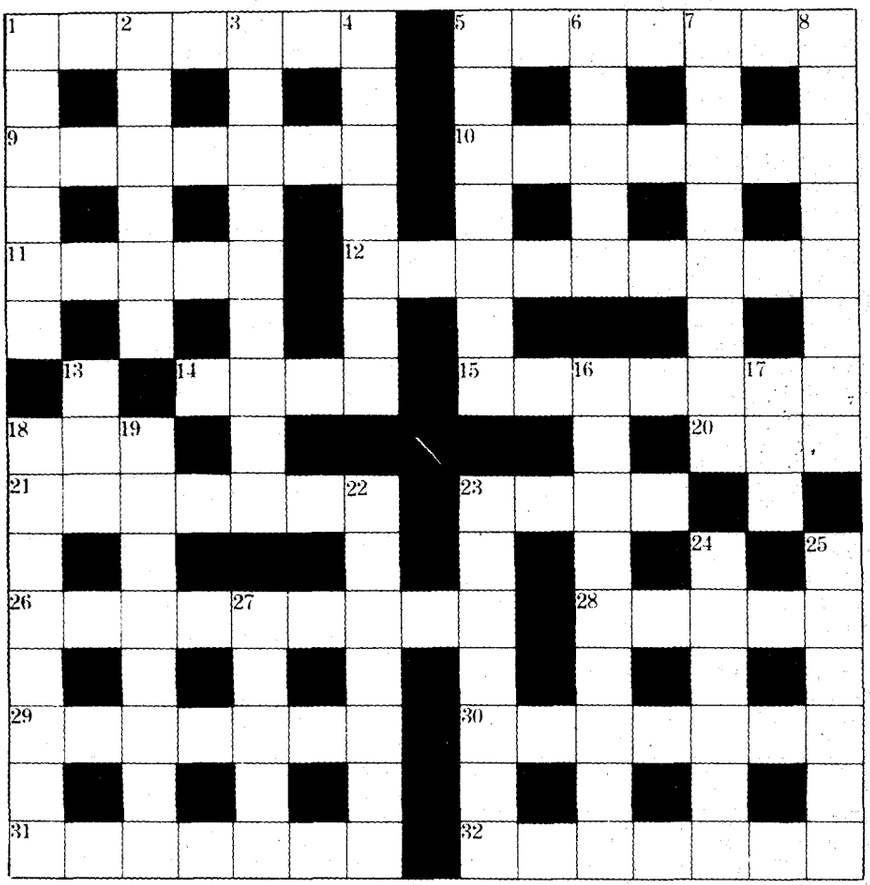
SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2128

R	I	G	H	T	D	R	E	S	S	■	S	C	A	B
I	■	E	■	H	■	E	■	I	■	U	■	R	■	A
F	I	N	N	I	S	H	■	G	E	N	T	E	E	L
E	■	E	■	R	■	E	■	N	■	D	■	M	■	D
■	U	S	E	D	C	A	R	S	■	E	R	O	D	E
■	I	■	■	■	R	■	■	■	R	■	N	■	R	■
S	S	A	M	■	S	T	A	R	B	O	A	R	D	■
■	■	■	U	■	A	■	B	■	I	■	■	■	A	■
O	R	T	F	O	L	I	O	■	D	E	G	A	S	■
■	E	■	F	■	■	■	U	■	■	■	A	■	H	■
O	B	E	L	■	B	O	T	H	W	E	L	L	■	■
■	A	■	E	■	U	■	F	■	O	■	A	■	E	■
A	T	E	R	A	L	■	A	E	R	A	T	E	D	■
■	E	■	S	■	G	■	C	■	R	■	E	■	I	■
■	S	H	■	C	E	L	E	R	Y	S	A	L	T	■

X-523

Crossword Puzzle No. 2129

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1, 8 down, 18, 23 down, 28, 7 down, 13 down and 11 How the carpenter's mate talked! (2,5,3,5,3,7,3,2,8,3,5)
5 A whale of an order? Quite the opposite! (7)
9 You might find it current on a certain island to grow together. (7)
10 Got up somewhat like a centipede—a hundred-legged! (7)
11 See 1
12 Sounds like a chart for your pet bird might be expected to show up Ananias, but don't count on it! (9)
14 Shakespeare talked about a number of them. (4)
15 Could it be the new part of the city? (7)
18 See 1
20 Help Wanted sign? (3)
21 Appropriate when dead material is wrapped around it, but somehow made to work. (7)
23 Digs trenches? Such silly people! (4)
26 A common complaint, said Pepys, oddly enough! (4)
28 See 1
29 Jackie, possibly, gets on and is found around another silly type! (7)
30 Flatter in the most complete way? (7)
31 This sort of fatness binds, obviously. (7)
32 Addressed with some form of salutation which used to be cried in the old days. (7)

DOWN

1 Boats found in the Emerald City or just the mountains? (6)
2 Not the first time one might help such as Ali! (6)
3 How the rifleman might look, by omission. (9)
4 Possibly pass her in the high mountains, if you're looking for more than one porter. (7)
5 The sort of coach the French put inside? In your ear! (7)
6 Some unidentified substance found in the night which appears to be different. (5)
7, 8 and 13 See 1 across
16 I pretty? We consider it otherwise, with something to do at the keyboard, possibly. (9)
17 A little trouble in one of the ranks? (3)
18 A law Ford changed? It's beastly! (8)
19 They shouldn't be found in those nightly soap operas, but they correspond to what one might see in the east at times. (8)
22 Sort of side streets when little—stops here, obviously. (7)
23 See 1 across
24 Following the principles of *cogito ergo sum*? (6)
25 How salami might be cut in a way to affect your taste disagreeably? (6)
27 Follow in order to be part of the green suede set. (5)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOCTORS OUGHT TO CARE (DOC)
and
TOBACCO PRODUCTS LIABILITY PROJECT (TPLP)

announce

LAW STUDENT ESSAY COMPETITION
$1,000 FIRST PRIZE

Topic: Are tobacco company executives criminally responsible for the deaths, diseases and fires that their products cause?

Deadline: May 15, 1987

Prizes: Best Essay $1,000

In addition, the authors of the second and third best essays will receive a one-year subscription to the Tobacco Products Litigation Reporter (a $725/year value). All three winning essays will be considered for publication in the Tobacco Products Litigation Reporter.

Length: Essays should consist of no more than 2,500 words (exclusive of footnotes), or 3,000 words (inclusive of footnotes).

Eligibility: Any student currently enrolled in a law school in the United States is eligible to enter the competition.

Format: All entries should be typed, double-spaced on 8.5 x 11-inch paper.

For additional information, write:

Essay Contest
Tobacco Products Liability Project (TPLP)
Northeastern University School of Law
400 Huntington Avenue
Boston, MA 02115

ETSU LIBRARY

Doctors Ought to Care (DOC) is a national medical organization founded in 1987 to educate the public in innovative ways about the major preventable causes of poor health and high medical costs. The Tobacco Products Liability Project (TPLP) was founded in November 1984 by lawyers and health professionals to promote products liability lawsuits against the tobacco industry as a public health strategy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED